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Bregenz in 1799.

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BREGENZ AND LAKE CONSTANCE. Old and venerable Bregenz, Austria's gateway to the West, has maintained its leading position in the life of Vorarlberg throughout the centuries and today it is still the capital. It has been favoured in its situation. On one side it nestles beneath the protecting spurs of the Northern Alps; on the other it stands astride the route which traffic has followed from the earliest times along the banks of the Rhine, one of the natural highways of Europe. These factors have made of it a little town with a charm which is all its own. Its strategic importance was proved again and again during the chaos of barbarian invasion by the Saracens or from the East, during the quarrels of feudal overlords and the inroads of the Appenzell folk and the Thirty Years' War. These have left marks on its countenance which, do it honour and give it a claim on one's respect. These lines are not the wrinkles of age, but an indication that the spirit behind them has learnt how to overcome adversity and to pursue a settled course with courage and consistency.

Modern Bregenz is once again proving by its actions the existence of this driving spirit. It is fully aware of its importance as Austria's open gateway to the West, and from this realisation has come the strength to begin reconstruction, which in view of the Motherland's difficult position after the second destructive world-war is doubly important.

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The cable railway which leads straight from the town to the commanding heights of the Pfänder reveals that the attraction of Bregenz lies not only

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IT ALL BEGAN WITH THE FLOOD

When Noah first set foot from the ark on dry land, he found himself not on Mount Ararat, as is generally believed, but in Vorarlberg, at the summit of the Widderstein. It is true that the venerable mountain mentioned in the Old Testament is not the only one which claims to have been the landing place of the Ark after the flood. But the attempts of other places to steal the glory of having been the second cradle of mankind must be disregarded in view of the claims which Vorarlberg can advance. When the first ascent of the Widderstein was made, remains of the bulwarks of the Ark — or at least of some of them — were still lying on the summit. This discovery, the Vorarlberg people claim, of course put an end for all time to the controversy as to which country Noah first set foot on.

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The second patriarch of the human race was that the first inhabitant of Vorarlberg.

Alas that efforts to continue the history of Vorarlberg from this point onwards should oblige one to admit that the descendants of the Old Testament hero must have remained analphabets through several thousands of years, at least until the birth of Christ, for they have left to posterity no record that they ever existed.

Otherwise, Vorarlberg's first inhabitants seem to have known a very elementary form of civilisation. There are few traces of their activities, other than a few primitive hearths sheltered behind rough walls. Much ingenuity was called for to find even these.

In fact, the first tidings of Vorarlberg come to us from one of the many branches of the family of Noah, those who called themselves Romans. They selected the fifteenth year after the Emperor Augustus ascended the in its historic importance and cultural activity, but also in its geographical position. This overhead railway is one of the oldest and most popular in Austria. Certainly the view from the Pfänder over Lake Constance and the Swabian Plain which lie below, spread out like a map framed by the Swiss and Vorarlberg mountains, can hardly find its equal. And the lake itself! In its manifold beauty, whether it presents a limpid surface ruffled by tiny sparkling waves which caress the swimmer, or some masterpiece of colouring by nature which takes one's breath away, with the tinted curtains of the sunset changing from minute to minute, or the threat and fury of unleashed elements, lies a magic attraction from which few are immune and which tempt the poet to take up his pen in their praise.

THE AUSTRIAN GEOGRAPHY OF THE RHINE. As the whole world knows, the question of the left bank of the Rhine has been the starting point of many bloody European wars, even of the world wars.

Strange how the most complex questions change their whole character when treated in Austrian fashion. The left bank of the Rhine! Who knows that Austria possesses a left bank of the Rhine, or that the river is crossed by two Austrian bridges? That the Vorarlberg parishes of Höchst, Fussach and Rheinau belong to the left bank? (It may be

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View of the Town of Bregenz.

133 mentioned here that Goethe crossed Lake Constance from Fussach when he returned from Italy in 1811.)

The landscape which extends on either side of the Rhine's artificial channel is a peculiar one. Suddenly transported there, one would not believe oneself to be in a mountain district any longer. Swamps, in part made fertile through drainage, spread out for miles. Looking north, one has the illusion of being in a sunken plain. A colony of many varieties of birds inhabits this stretch of land. Few can withstand the charm of the softly waving reeds. The broad expanse of country, the rustling and whispering of the brittle stalks and slender foliage of the reed-banks seem to liberate the spirit. Unconsciously one breathes more deeply, the eye drinking in greedily the distant blue, the ear attuned to the voice of nature. The heart is soothed by the spirit of the moors in the all-pervading stillness, broken only by the harsh cry and the beat of the wings of some startled bird.

● 361 The largest Rhineside market town in Vorarlberg is Lustenau, celebrated like all Rhine settlements for its rich harvests of carefully tended fruit. As a settlement the big market town presents a singular picture. The houses, scattered over an area which is wide in comparison with the number of its inhabitants, are often hidden behind the dense foliage of fruit trees which entirely conceal them from the road. Lustenau is more or less of an enclave. Both in language and physiology, its inhabitants differ considerably from those of the rest of the Province, who

thrown to pay a visit to their very distant relations in Vorarlberg (who had remained on their patriarchal inheritance) to teach them new and more modern ways of living and, as opportunity offered, to batter in their skulls.

Thus drastic methods of instruction seem to have taught the ancient Vorarlbergers within a remarkably short space of time how to build streets and houses, indeed even regular settlements. They served their apprenticeship in this new art by setting up a fortified castle with its dependent courts and buildings which their distant relatives from the South named "Brigantium", or Bregenz, perhaps in honour of the family of Brigantius which lived there. As at the moment it was the thing to engage in trade, and to give their Vorarlberg connections a concrete example of what trade meant—chiefly, taking what one wanted from others and giving them in exchange what one found useless—the Romans founded a Brigantium branch of their world-wide exchange system. As this town on Lake Constance was at the crossroads of some of the most important highways of the time, it soon became well-known to the civilized world.

Thanks to the attentions of their Roman relatives, the people of Vorarlberg and their province soon began to play a part in history.

A trace of special worldly wisdom confronts one on the wall of a house on the outskirts of Montafon:

An honest mind and dealings fair,
Result in nought but wretched care.

A BRAVE PEASANT FOLK

Until the end of the Middle Ages many of the upper valleys of Vorarlberg were very sparsely populated or totally uninhabited. About this time began the exodus of Germanic races

jokingly accuse them of being descended from "gipsies". That is, of course, an exaggeration, but it contains a small grain of truth, for while other parts of Vorarlberg were subject to some feudal lord or other during the Middle Ages, Lustenau was a "freier Reichshof", meaning that anyone might take up residence there without special permission. It was small wonder that all kinds of wandering folk made use of this freedom, though not to the disadvantage of the present-day inhabitants! Their vivacity and ready wit have been in part responsible for the prominent part which the people of Lustenau played and still play in Vorarlberg intellectual, more especially musical life and sport.

"HERE STUDIO DORNBIRN!" This call-signal coming over the ether a dozen times a day has made familiar the name of a town in Vorarlberg which until recently, despite the fact that it has the largest population of the province, led something of the existence of a sleeping beauty. Only in textile-trading circles has its name been famous for many years beyond the frontiers. Dornbirn is Vorarlberg's industrial centre. Such a description is usually in itself sufficient to condemn a place, conjuring up as it does a vision of tenements, soot-laden air and a forest of smoking factory chimneys. All who cannot picture an industrial town otherwise are recommended to visit Dornbirn, which has the additional appelation

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Sample of Peasant Weaving from the XVII Century.

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of "Garden City". The social problem is solved here in noteworthy fashion, for although more than half the population is dependent on industry, it has no proletariat.

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In grappling with its problems, the town has, of course, been helped by its favourable geographical position. The winter sport resort of Bödele which is easily reached by a picturesque road brings life to Dornbirn as soon as the white carpet covers the ground. In summer its chief attraction is a beautiful and sinister gorge which is reached by a romantic artificial flight of steps—the Rappenlochschlucht. Closed in by walls of rock which tower vertically to a height of several hundred feet, crossed far above by a bridge, the turbulent mountain waters far below foam and roar through the gorge. The spectacle is well calculated to awaken a wholesome respect for the might of those forces which give shape and form to surrounding nature, and through her to our own lives.

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From the tree-covered summit the hoary keep of Neu-Ems Castle overlooks the valley of the Rhine. The steep crag commanding the town bears the ruins of Alt-Ems, before its destruction in the Appenzeller War one of the greatest castles of the German Reich, equal in size to the famous Wartburg. The palace built by Count Kaspar still stands today at the foot of the Castle Rock. A number of other buildings and historic names lend to Dornbirn that magic of departed grandeur which always lingers around historic walls and ancient monuments.

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THE GARDEN OF VORARLBERG.
In the midst of the plain through which flows the Rhine rises the Kummenberg, a witness to the activity of the Rhine Valley Glacier in the Ice Age. To the south its tree-covered

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from the canton of la Valais, in Switzerland. At the beginning of the 15th century the number of these peasants who came to settle in Graubünden and Vorarlberg was steadily on the increase. These new arrivals seeking employment were readily welcomed by the land-owners, and the uninhabited upper valleys were allotted them to build new homes. In order to persuade them to settle permanently the gift of land was accompanied by various privileges. In this manner the uncultivated part of the Talenberg, in the Upper Bregenzerwald, and especially the two Walser valleys which have taken their name from it, developed into the home of a sturdy peasant race which has become a permanent factor of the national and economic structure of the Province.

Anyone who wants to form a picture of the strenuous way in which these descendants of the old inhabitants of the Valais who have retained much of the peculiarities of their former country in their speech, dress and customs gain a bare existence from a grudging nature, needs only to observe how they live in the Grosse Walsertal. Generations of bitter struggle for daily bread have produced a sturdy and weather-beaten folk whose existence is deeply rooted in the soil.

The people of Vorarlberg are not uniform in character, but form rather a mosaic of various sturdy elements welded together by historical developments.

slopes rise gradually, but to the north it falls away steeply. It is well worth the trouble of climbing, for looking down from its heights one has a delightful outlook over the entire Vorarlberg part of the Rhine Valley. In the east the picturesque houses of the market town of Götzis combine their greetings with those of the massive ruins of Neu-Montfort. The chief picture to the north and south is that of innumerable tiny rectangles of grass alternating with arable land, a clue to the agricultural structure of the countryside. An unusual trick of nature affords amusement to visitors to the summit of the Kummenberg: pieces of paper or material which are thrown out over the yawning depths are returned to their owner by the air currents. Even hats which have been tossed over are said to come back of their own accord, but not everyone cares to put this to the test.

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To the south of the Kummenberg a vale branches off from the main Rhine valley which is called the "Garden of Vorarlberg". About a dozen pleasant villages cling to the foot of the mountain or have found themselves a sunny place half way up it, and in blossom-time the whole countryside is one fragrant bridal bouquet. On the sunny slopes flourish delicious grapes; Fraxern, hidden in a hollow between the green hills, is famous for its wonderful black cherries, which attract crowds of visitors who arrive with baskets and carts. Viktorsberg, looking

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Vorarlberg is Austria's estate on the Rhine. Between the eastwards-flowing Danube and the westwards-flowing Rhine, between the one which finds its outlet in the Black Sea and the other which flows into the Atlantic Ocean, lies Austria, the bridge and watershed of Europe. In 1363 the House of Austria acquired its first possession in Vorarlberg in the shape of a small estate near Götzis. This was the start of a long process which led to the unification of a Province. As military leaders under the Emperors Karl V and Philipp II, the Counts of Hohenems embodied large numbers of serfs from their estates in their armed forces. From then onwards, Vorarlbergers have constantly emigrated from the Province, as labourers, stucco-workers and carpenters, selling grind-stones or herbs from Montafon, or in the employment of Bregenzerwald builders of the Baroque. It was not until industrialisation set in that this industrious race had the chance of finding work and a home in its native country.

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It is characteristic of the Vorarlberger to dislike and avoid ostentation and exaggeration. In accordance with this reserve, he is sparing of gesture and words. These characteristics help to a clean-cut political sense and a natural feeling for democracy.

The people of Vorarlberg prefer their four small or medium-sized towns to one large one. They do not mind having to go sometimes to Bregenz and Feldkirch, sometimes to Dornbirn and Bludenz, for these towns after all lie close together. The Province is thus spared many a problem which may arise out of having a single large town in an alpine area.

The "Ländle" ("Little Province") has its characteristic industrial character.

down from the lofty Warte, is one of the oldest recorded settlements of Vorarlberg; even Karl der Dicke (Charles the Fat) is said to have toiled up there on a visit to the pious hermit Eusebius. Röthis, however, the heart of the Vorarlberg vineyards, lures one with many a sparkling drop, golden-yellow and ruby-red, down into the valley.

The chief town of the Vorarlberg Garden is Rankweil, which played a prominent and decisive role in the history of the Province throughout the whole of the Middle Ages and on into modern times. At one time the whole population used to congregate for the trial of criminals there. Today, as one of the greatest pilgrimage centres of this Catholic province, it has again become a meeting place for crowds in holiday mood. Its symbolic building is the double-towered Liebfrauenkirche, built on the remains of a former fortress, which confronts the stately Felsenwarte.

THE STUDIERSTÄDTLEIN (the "Students' Township"). Feldkirch has not always been called the "Studierstädtlein". Like Bregenz, it has had one of the most colourful histories of any place in Vorarlberg. In earlier centuries it was with equal justice called the "Officers' Township", but today both terms are inapplicable. It is noteworthy that in each case its municipal character was emphasized. Even today this is the most noticeable thing about it. Of all towns in Vorarlberg it has best preserved the character of the mediaeval burgher settlement. Like Bregenz, Feldkirch formed part of the Montfort property. Through repeated partitions of the estate among members of the family, which weakened all its powers of resistance, Feldkirch came at an early date into the possession of the Hapsburgs, thereby gaining in comparison with other areas which had remained under the rule

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of local feudal lords, special privileges which ensured it unusual opportunities for development.

The picture of a mediaeval townlet which Feldkirch presents today is furnished mainly by the streets of the inner town, consisting of solid and impressive buildings in which merchants have carried on their affairs for many generations. Such evidence as survives of former defensive constructions like the Churer Tor, the Katzenturm and Schattenburg Castle, which towers over the town, conjure up visions of scenes long past to attract a stranger's attention.

361 871 Feldkirch was called "Studierstädtlein" in bygone days when it was of great importance—one might almost say of unparalleled importance—in educational affairs. It had a grammar school, a college for teachers which attracted students from all over the country, and the famous Jesuit college "Stella Matutina", well-known throughout Europe.

361 635 It could with almost equal justice have been called the "Township of Bureaucrats", although it was never a centre of government. But the majority of the other administrative bodies of the province are established in Feldkirch. The cosmopolitan character of the bureaucracy of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy has affected the racial composition of the local population.

361 498 Feldkirch, as a junction on the only direct East-West route, is of importance to the Austrian traffic system. It is the main railway station on the frontiers of Austria with Switzerland and Liechtenstein, and thus a connecting-link in the West European transport organization.

133 DO YOU KNOW THE LEGEND OF THE THREE SISTERS? No? Then wander from Feldkirch through the Ill Ravine, the "Felsenau", that deep channel which the river has for centuries been cutting through the imprisoning rocks and which is still so narrow that there is only just room for the railway leading to the Walgau to run beside it. A feat of engineering was called for to carry the road over river and railway on a precarious bridge. Once one emerges from this narrow gorge, the character of the countryside is seen to have completely changed. Even the air is cooler, and the natives say that east of the Felsenau (i. e. in Walgau) it is "a jacket cooler" than in the Rhine Valley. You walk all

With only four factories employing over 500 persons, it is the smaller and medium sized specialized industries which are typical. First comes the textile trade. The Vorarlberg cotton industry, which enjoys an international reputation, produces not only the finest multi-coloured woven cloth in Austria, but also high class printed goods. Woven silk and specialized woollen and knitted goods are also typical of local industry. Vorarlberg's reputation for embroidery and hand-made lace has spread far beyond the confines of Europe. Other Vorarlberg industries concern themselves with refining and specialized finishing processes, for the Province is lacking in almost all raw materials. Cogwheels, gears, pumps and watches, sliding scales and specialized tools are all made here. The factories for the construction of elevators and cable-railways are based on "White Coal", on the natural water-power of the Province, the exploitation of which has been developed to a high degree.

the more easily and vigorously and you are quickly in Frastanz. 133

Here it was that three sisters once lived—at a happy period, no doubt, for, according to an accepted legend, a spring of pure gold flowed at the foot of the Garsellaspitze. One sunny Sunday these three sisters, instead of going to church as custom and piety dictated, started out towards the Garsellaspitze. Who knows whether it was the flowing gold which led them astray or whether they simply wanted to gather berries? In vain did the church bells call them once more to mass. The three sisters, their heads filled with mundane matters, ignored the summons. Soon they found a place where berries grew so thickly that they were able to fill basket after basket in a short time. As a last reminder of neglected religious duties came the faint tinkle of the transubstantiation bell. When they ignored this final warning, they met their fate. Unable to move, their bodies froze and turned to stone. When the faithful left the church after mass they stood and stared, for at the foot of the Garsellaspitze rose up side by side three tall rocks. The three sisters, however, were never seen again. Their baskets full of berries were found there on the following day. So came the three rocks by the name of "The Three Sisters".

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WHERE THE UNICORN HAS ITS HOME. Yes, indeed, the mythical unicorn still exists in Vorarlberg, in the above-mentioned Walgau—in the coat-of-arms of Bludenz, its chief town. Here the landscape is sunny and smiling and the people vivacious and cheerful.

Despite the dominance of the unicorn in the Walgau, or

Rauhwail.

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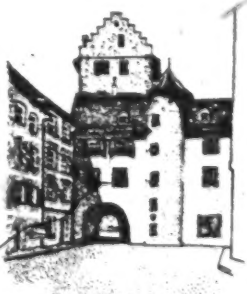
Tisis.

rather in Bludenz, it is not dangerous to live there. On the contrary, this little town on the Ill with its romantic past and its industrious present offers many attractions and opportunities to visitors. To begin with there is the picturesque centre of the town with its narrow streets and mediaeval avenues. The Obere Tor is decorated with a fresco of Friedrich of the Empty Pocket which recalls how the people of Bludenz afforded their liege lord sanctuary and loyalty after he had been outlawed by the Emperor. There is a parish church built on a dominating cliff, and the more massive than beautiful Castle Gaienhofen, which has been put to various uses in the course of the years. As far back as the Celts and the Romans there were settlements on this site. The attractive and charming surroundings of Bludenz have earned it the name of "Gateway of the Alps". For one who wishes to get to know all the passes from the valley level to the snow-capped mountains of the main Alpine range it would be hard to find a more favourable centre than this little town of the Walgau.

133 Arriving at Bludenz by train, every traveller is struck by a snow-capped mountain of bare rock rising sheer out of the green valley. This is the Panüler Schrofen, the western "shoulder" of the Scesaplana, queen of the Rätikons. As the culminating point of a whole chain of mountains this giant is not only an attraction for local tourists, but is one of those peaks which have made history in the opening up of the Eastern Alps. Thanks to its commanding height, it offers an almost unrestricted view of the countryside, including a charming glimpse of Swiss Prätigau in the depths below.

THE VALLEY OF WHITE COAL. The Montafon valley played a part in national transport centuries ago, for it is the gateway to southern Europe, and more immediately to Veltlin. Today it is a power centre for countless industries scattered over a considerable part of Central Europe.

133 361 On the way from Bludenz to Montafon one passes through Vandans, a village which is threatened as no other by the primitive forces of the mountains. Millions of cubic metres of rubble and boulders lie waiting in clefts of the Vandanser Rock Wall, like a wild beast crouched to spring, ready to hurl itself down at a given moment on to the peaceful human community, carrying death and devastation. An attempt has indeed



Feldkirch; Churer Gate.

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been made to guard against such an occurrence by the construction of mighty barricades. Whether man will be found to have succeeded in banning such elemental natural violence, the future will show.

Further up the Ill lies Schruns, the chief town of the Montafon, nestling picturesquely in an arm of the valley. Few places in Vorarlberg have been so fitted by climate and surroundings to become a health resort as this pretty market town.

Snow on the Arlberg.

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It is indisputable that the people of the Montafon are very different from the rest of the population of Vorarlberg, as their customs, temperament and language plainly show. Montafon has withstood germanisation longer than any other part of Vorarlberg, and has thus preserved certain characteristics of its original Romanic population.

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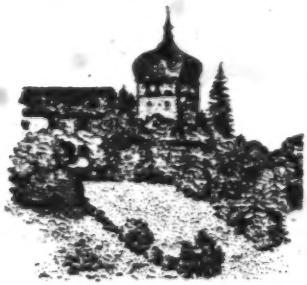
Opposite Schruns lies Tschagguns, once much visited by pilgrims but nowadays more of a centre for winter-sport. Tschagguns has particularly good ski-ing facilities and is also the starting-point for trips to the Rätikon, the excursion being facilitated by a cable railway to Grabs, 4,800 feet above sea level. In the area accessible from Tschagguns, the exacting mountain climber will find the same satisfaction as the tourist who wants only to discover and meditate on the beauties of nature. The way to the Gauertal, which is widely known for its beautiful scenery, the end of the valley with the Lindau Hut rising from the last scrubby pines in the foreground, backed by the Three Towers in the distance, has been characterised by the most experienced and best-known Alpine climbers as unique and incomparable.



Bruneck Tower.

A few miles beyond Schruns, on the slopes of the mighty Kapelljoch, which is to be made accessible by a cable railway, in a narrow part of the Montafon Valley lies the district of the "Fratte", which divides the valley into Outer and Inner Montafon, or, as the inhabitants say, "Outer and Inner Fratte". The first hamlet of the Inner Fratte is St. Gallenkirch, whence the valley of the Suggadin river stretches away in the south to the mountain health-resort of Gargellen. Surrounded by the most bizarre of mountain scenery, the latter is, perhaps, artistically

361 529 133 considered, the most attractive place in the entire Province. What makes of it a health-resort is the fact that of all places in the Province, it has the record for sunshine, and that it has the same wonderful climate as the Swiss health-resort of Davos, only 18 kilometres distant as the crow flies.

361 133 377 That the Montafon, particularly the Inner Fratte, has lost its original character of a mountain farming area is immediately evident when one comes to Parthenen, last of the valley settlements. At first glance it is recognised as an industrial township. Montafon's name of the "Valley of White Coal" is here justified, for the district in which Parthenen is situated is devoted to the production of electrical power. Cable-railways, elevators, narrow-gauge railways running at a height of over 5,000 and 6,000 feet, extensive plants and tunnels several kilometres in length show at first glance with what energy technical knowledge is striving to render the forces of nature of service to man. The source of these forces is the glaciers of the main range, the "Blue Silvretta", famous as a ski-resort in spring. It is easy to repeat without giving the matter further thought that the beauty and natural charm of the mountains are destroyed when their useful potentialities are exploited by mechanical means. It is far wiser and more just to go oneself (and how much simpler the many inventions of the much abused mechanical developments have made such a trip), to ascertain with one's own eyes that the two enormous artificial lakes at Vermunt and Obervermunt have lent a touch of beauty to the picture which was lacking in the monotonous valley which they have superseded. For the mountain lover there still remain the combs and peaks of the monarch of the Vorarlberg Alps, the 9892 foot high Piz Buin, which he can approach with untroubled heart and a determination to dare its perils, without any risk that his ideal picture will be found marred by the spirit of a profit-seeking age.

529 526 THE LOFTY CASTLE OF THE WHITE ART. It is not so very many years ago that winter was regarded as a visitation of God. More especially was this the attitude of the mountain folk whose means of livelihood were drastically curtailed during the cold months by the many feet of snow. This attitude only underwent a change when human ingenuity succeeded in making use of two strips of wood bound to the feet with one end bent upwards, which brought with them greater freedom of movement even over deep snow. This happened in Austria towards the end of the last century. One of the areas in which this now widespread

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after the avalanche has subsided to the view, the accompanying thunderous roar continues, itself gradually subsiding into a silence which leaves the ear keyed up for the next demonstration.

The Walser villages are interesting, in character easily distinguishable from other places in Vorarlberg. Every farm is built at least a stone's throw away from the next, according to Walser custom, and isolated houses are to be found as high up as the last slopes which it is at all possible to reach by vehicle.

The picture of the Great Walser Valley reminds the observer that it is not always man who rules nature, but that sometimes it is nature who forces man to acknowledge her imperious rule. The impression left by a visit to the Small Walser Valley is a much friendlier one. This district, which economically is an enclave not only within Vorarlberg but also within Austria, has an individual note due to the highly developed tourist trade which is everywhere in evidence. The natural traffic routes of the Small Walser Valley connect it with the adjacent Allgäu, but it has no direct connections with Vorarlberg or Tyrol. This valley, which offers many opportunities for winter sport, but is also attractive in summer on account of its beautiful scenery, has built up a remarkable tourist connection. It can boast of a very large number of comfortable inns and hotels. You will find them all along the only road, which links up the market towns of Riezlern, Hirschegg and Mittelberg, and on the slopes above. Obviously such developments have an influence on the way of life of the native population. But it is surprising to learn that in the Lesser Walser Valley even simple peasant's farms are furnished with many of the comforts of civilisation. Most of them have central heating, running hot and cold water, mechanical washers and modern kitchen conveniences run by electricity.

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MODERN NOMADS. The Upper Bregenzerwald, that is, the country above the Bregenzer Ache from the Bezau onwards, is chiefly mountainous in character, declining to hill country in the Lower Bregenzerwald. Populous settlements are scattered through the vales which branch off from the wide valley; solitary, 'sun-

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scorched farms reach far up into the green heights, to the scene of activity of a nomadic race. This exists here today in the heart of Europe, for the peasant of the Bregenz forests has remained a wandering shepherd despite all the developments of civilisation. He spends the winter in close companionship with his neighbours in the village, but as soon as the snow is finally gone from the mountains and the pastures on their slopes are beginning to turn green again, he moves off with family, goods and chattels to the "Maisäss", or "May residence", a solitary farm which is situated halfway between the valley and the Alps. In summer the peasant drives his flocks and herds up the Alps, most of the other members of his family returning to the valley to work in the fields and harvest the hay. If, at the end of summer, pasture at the highest levels becomes too scanty, he and his family return to the Maisäss until here also the approach of cold weather makes the pasturage too meagre. Only then does the family occupy its quarters in the valley. With such a system it is not surprising that even large villages present an almost lifeless appearance at certain times of the year.

The church at Schwarzenberg well repays the art lover for a visit. The village, which has nowadays made a name for itself as a winter-sport and holiday centre was the second home of the well-known painter Angelika Kauffmann. 361

In conclusion, among the notable peculiarities of the Bregenzerwald the so-called "Bezegg Column" must not be forgotten, that symbolic monument which recalls the former council-house of the staunchly independent and democratic peasants and artisans of the Bregenzerwald. This building could only be entered by a ladder which was removed as soon as the councillors had assembled and was not put back until the questions to be discussed had all been cleared up. This steadfast democratic spirit together with the commercial activity of its population is Vorarlberg's most valuable contribution to its great Austrian homeland. 344

and peasants were able to appear on a footing of equality with the nobility. Friedl's reform conferred on Tyrol a democratic constitution, the like of which was not then elsewhere on the Continent for many centuries.

With this Duke Friedrich ("Friedl") began Tyrol's period of greatness. The then very important North-South line —from Augsburg and Nürnberg to Venice—and the protection afforded by its mountains, made it the treasure store of the Empire. Brenner Market became famous throughout Europe. On the mines of Schwaz was founded the power of the Fuggers.

Friedrich's son, Sigmund the "Münzreiche" ("the Rich in Coin"), was considered to be the richest prince of his day. The Münzerturm ("Mint Tower") in Hall, the castles of Sigmundshaus near Schwaz and Sigmundsburg near Bozen are memories both of his name and of his special extravagances.

Tyrol reached its zenith during the reign of Maximilian I. The Emperor loved the Province above all else; he formally gave it the proud description "Heart and Shield of our Empire"—the Empire on which, his follower, Karl the Fifth, could boast, the sun never set.

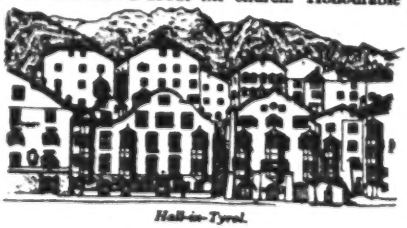
It is not as the last of the knights of Europe that he will always be remembered by the people of Tyrol, but as one of themselves, a bold hunter, mountaineer and courteous gentleman. Tyrolese legend has the Emperor Max rescued from peril in the mountains on the Martinswand by an angel in the guise of a Tyrolese peasant. The cave in the sheer cliff is still shown from which he could have found no way out save for divine assistance.

By the Goldene Dachl which he built—legend attributes it to Friedl of the Empty Pocket—and by his tomb in the Hofkirche, Maximilian has ensured that for all time Innsbruck will be held in honour as his residential

Münzturm in Hall-in-Tyrol.

VILLAGE AND FARM. The Tyrolese mountains are impressive, but Switzerland has these too, still more impressive ones (with the exception of the Dolomites in South Tyrol, which cannot be compared with any other range). Tyrolese towns and villages have a character which is all their own, showing a strong community feeling. Note for example the varied and original treatment of the dormer window. Nothing is more typical and characteristic than the Tyrolese village and the Tyrolese farm.

Sometimes huddled together, sometimes loosely scattered, the farmhouses are grouped about the church whose slender tower with gothic spire or baroque dome seems to gather together the surrounding buildings, directing them towards the heavens. Even more closely than the living do the dead crowd about the church. Honourable



Hall-in-Tyrol.

men, all of them, as the inscriptions on the crosses of iron or wood testify, yet as in life grouped according to rank and precedence.

For the living it is a comfort to have the dead among them; for the dead, to continue to play a part in life. The sound of church bells calling to early mass starts the day; only the goatherd's horn has summoned the herds even earlier. At eleven in the morning the bell calls to dinner, and with the vesper bell the day is ended. The tolling of the bell marks out each working week, and marks out the year according to the festivals of the Church.

Public affairs centre on the church square. There official announcements concerning the parish are posted. Similar information is given out there after the service on Sundays. The cattle drink at the village well, and the men at the village inn. The women take no part in public life.

Every farm, whether it stands apart amidst its own fields, or whether it keeps good neighbourly company with others in the village, has an orchard and a small garden near the house. The garden grows vegetables and spices. Its many-hued flowers, pinks and lilies, asters and phlox, crown-imperial, mignonette, sweet-smelling herbs,

Wooden Mould.

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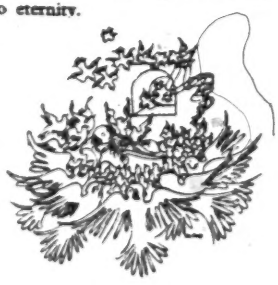
Salzburg, 15th Century, Woodcut.

133 sank behind them, the all-knowing vultures encircled them. On their slopes the first birds laughed, and in their impenetrable forests the little songsters built their nests.

The charming legend of Franz Solanos tells how this holy man was accorded a rare favour on his deathbed: clouds of birds gathered at his window, flew about his weary head, sat confidingly on the edge of the bed and perched by thousands on the branches around his cell to lend beauty to his last hours with their gladsome song; blackbirds were there, chaffinches, robins, larks, thrushes and yellow-hammers. 000 There was even, the legend tells, a canary to blend its song of triumph with the contrasting notes of an albino blackbird which warbled ecstatically from so far away that it was invisible. The soul of the holy man was raised ever higher amid the heavenly concert until it was finally wafted into eternity.

The end of the prehistoric ages before man appeared on the earth is supposed to have been similarly accompanied by the song of birds. Well may they have chorused, not their pity or grief, but their anticipation as the earth emerged from the receding waters with its promise of nesting places and abundant food.



Salzburg must have been born to the accompaniment of some sweet and impressive melody, a melody that the Province embodies today.

133 Not all the Province of Salzburg arose out of the waters. Going south one meets more

133 and more prehistoric volcanic rocks and lava formations, slate flattened by pressure during millions of years, granite formed of sandstone ground up and re-formed by intense heat, porphyry and mica. The Province is not only old in so far as its history is concerned. Long before history began, what is now Salzburg was steeped in ancient lore—a lore which indefinably conveys its message to man, slowing down the steps of those who tread its soil and enriching their minds.

Seen as a whole, the contours of Salzburg Province may be compared to one of those mid-summer cloud edifices, the cumuli, which, bathed in the rosy light of evening, pile curve upon curve in baroque extravagance, rising to a slender spire. [792] At this narrow extremity, close to Bavaria, lies the formerly famous but nowadays little known Benedictine monastery of Michlbeuern with its romanesque church and the statue of the venerable Meinrad Guggenbichler, whose carved church doors with the moving figures of Mary and Elisabeth in Irrsdorf, to the south-east, are all too little prized.

This northern part of Salzburg, characterised by pleasant hills, the lakes of Mattsee and Wallersee lying amidst green meadows and sub-alpine vegetation which often merges into moors with their reeds and heather, is crowned by the chief city of the Province.

361 When first approaching the city from the station, the visitor has no inkling of Salzburg's venerable beauty. The broad street is flanked on the left by the embankment of the main line to Bavaria, a pebbled walk beneath chestnut trees, placards, a kiosk. Later come grocery stores, inns, paper shops, hotels and souvenir shops, as in many another provincial town. The unusual, the characteristic note of Salzburg is struck quite suddenly by the Mirabell Palace, in the Rainerstrasse. Now rises curtain after curtain to disclose the Salzburg of legend and romance. The Dreifaltigkeitsgasse leads past the Seminary to the first church of Fischer von Erlach. Thence beneath the Sautter Archway one reaches the Linzerstrasse which from time immemorial has borne the traffic through Salzburg. The Romans themselves passed along this delightful highway, coming from the direction of Radstadt to cross the Tauern Mountains.

Tower after tower crowned by the glittering symbol of Christianity pierces the blue morning sky above the ancient heart of the city on the left bank, the church spires seeming almost to reach

About the year 700 A.D., St. Rupertus built a church in honour of the Apostle Paul and a monastery for the monks of the Benedictine order on the ruinen and overgrown foundations of Juvavum.

Even under Charlemagne the Bishops of Salzburg, Virgil and Arno, showed particular devotion to Christian church music. The surroundings of St. Peter soon rang with the real Gregorian choral chants.

Neidhart von Reuenthal and Tannhäuser are the predecessors of the "Monk of Salzburg", who wrote a great many religious as well as secular compositions in the second half of the fourteenth century at the court of a quarrelsome archbishop.

Within the Bishopric, Leonhard von Keutschach was the first of that line of sharp-profiled, religious princes, concerning whom there has been much conflict of opinion who during the changing periods of gothic, renaissance and baroque styles, placed on the face of Salzburg the stamp and sign of their own self-willed and often secular personalities. Castles are the stone evidence of their activities and their might, above all the unconquered fortress of Hohensalzburg. The turnip in the coat of arms of the bishops calls to mind the architect of Keutschach, as does the "Hornwerk", a musical

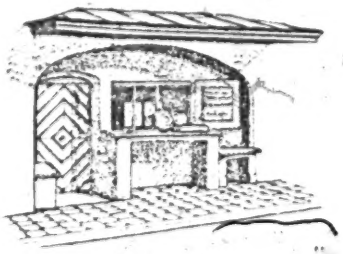
up as far as the fortress which rises sheer and stately high above all buildings of the city and the green of its own woods. 361

The extensive fortifications above house no dusty romances. There are apparently no ghosts in clanking armour with fluttering pennons or mist-enshrouded châtelaines to haunt them. Sober and impressive magnificence is the keynote of this unconquered bulwark of the Bishops of Salzburg. 344

No prince ever ruled here as heir of an inherited kingdom, no heroic knight subdued the surrounding lands by his strong arm. The law and the customs of a court muffled the blast of trumpets. No single family, but a long series of unrelated regents of a spiritual treasure peopled these finely-proportioned rooms. On the throne sat the lord of the Province who was at the same time guardian of his subjects' souls—a strange picture of duality.

The roofs of ancient Hohensalzburg were overshadowed by the call for solemn decisions, by the complexities, the temptations and the responsibilities of rule.

A traveller, one who loved the countryside, thus describes his first glimpse of the City of the Bishops in their stronghold; "Arrived at the terminal station of the lift which takes one from the city to the fortress,



Old Bakery.

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prehension of all things in which time no longer plays a part. The motor road climbs to a height of almost 7800 feet, ending at the foot of the ascent to the highest peak (12,000 feet).

The Glocknerstrasse. View of the Edelweiss Peak.

The Glocknerstrasse takes its start in the pretty little valley town of Bruck-Fusch, near the Zeller Lake, on which the railways and motor roads leading to the Saalach Valley also converge. Zell-am-See, in winter a happy training area for skiers, becomes in summer a gaily-coloured and picturesque holiday resort.

Valley after valley winds through the giants of the Tauern world until the Grossvenediger is reached, and finally one of Salzburg's two frontiers, that with Italy, which is dominated by the Dreiherrenspitze.

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Let us return gradually to the eastern end of the Province where the Niedern Tauern sink by degrees to lay themselves at the foot of man, so to speak, in the Tauern Pass. It must not be imagined that they make it any too easy for him; even this pass, swept by snowstorm and avalanches, is 5400 feet high. On this high plateau lies a blue-white alpine paradise, which makes way for the road to the Lungau, a region consisting mainly of high plains characterised by their clear, sparkling air filled with the faint scent and whispering music of the otherwise rarely-seen larches. Mauterndorf, Maria Pfarr, Moosham (a casket of treasures from a mediaeval museum) and finally Tamsweg, well-known as the coldest place in Austria, and also for its beauty. Spread out in generous profusion are a number of strong, well-built settlements, solid in construction, with beautiful old churches and a horizon of mountain silhouettes. Further away, beyond the confines of the province of Salzburg, towers the mighty Dachstein.

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Behind the nobly formed Bischofsmütze and the remote stretches of the Gamsfeld the Schafberg lifts its beaky nose over the dark waters of the Wolfgangsee, the bizarrely picturesque mountains grouped about it like stage scenery.

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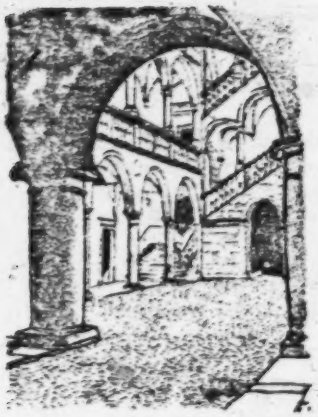

Spittal, Castle Porcia.

to the Neumarkter Sattel and Styria arose the proud town of Friesach. From Virunum a road led eastwards. On this route lie the larger towns of Southern Carinthia, such as Völkermarkt and Bleiburg.

This natural network of roads is as much used as ever today. This has maintained the prosperity of the settlements along its path. The fulcrum may have varied its position slightly as the area developed, but it has always lain within the triangle Villach—Klagenfurt—St. Veit. The advent of the locomotive, of the automobile, even of the airplane have brought little change in this respect. These routes follow the historic, natural highways. At most, where in olden times an obstacle was circumvented, it is today surmounted by an artificial construction, or bored through by a mountain tunnel as the Tauern railway does at Mallnitz and the Karawanken railway at Rosenbach. Even the airplane flying high above follows the old Pontebba route in order to avoid dangerous storms.

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THE TOWNS OF CARINTHIA. The Carinthian settlements have earned their right to be called towns more through their historic past than for any other reason. They are small in size and their economic importance varies greatly. Nowhere do they crush nature like a stone fist, forcefully suppressing it. It is nature which encircles and penetrates them, surrounding them with a framework of lovely scenery, predestinated and naturally developed as centres of a district. This may be the reason why for a long time none of them was given the absolute dominance of a capital. An additional reason may be that the three most important places all lie in the centre part of the Province close together, having originated in different feudal territories of which they formed the centre.

The old ducal town of St.-Veit-on-the-Glan, where Walther von der Vogelweide sang, as well as his less talented colleague, the Carinthian Zachäus von Himmelberg, was pre-eminently a fashionable court centre, which later came into competition with the picturesque little mountain town of Althofen, an iron trading centre. Today it is a typical provincial town,

Klagenfurt, the Dragon.

a soft flour paste with the edges folded over, and filled with "Topfen" (curds), herbs, poppy seeds or dried pears. For festive occasions there are the "Leinöl-krapfen" (a sort of doughnut) and the "Reindling", a cake filled with cinnamon, sultanas or currants. The chief dish is "Stera", made of buchwheat or maize. Normally meat is only eaten smoked except on feast days. Peasants engaged on exhausting work may eat bacon at tea time or it may be eaten with potatoes, cabbage or pickled turnips at the mid-day meal. For drinks there are cider and Schnaps, home-made spirits from the fruit growing on the farm.

Although the mountainous nature of Carinthia does not afford its inhabitants a very luxurious existence—in comparison to that of the peasants in the plains it may almost be called poverty-stricken—it provides in its variety rich food for the spirit. The special temperament and mentality of the people find joyous expression in the magnificent songs of Carinthia, which have been spread, through Kotchat, far beyond the native frontiers. Sung in jolly company by three, four or five voices, women's and men's blend harmoniously with that of the "over-singer" who remains an octave higher. It makes no difference whether the language of the song is German or whether, as in places near the southern frontier, it is sung in the Carinthian-Slovenian dialect. Sometimes, in fact, the two are mingled, with amusing effect. In the field of religious melodies there are many shepherd's songs which express in direct countryman's fashion the story of the finding of the infant Jesus in language which is sometimes moving, sometimes amusing. The most revered song, however, is and always will be, for Carinthians, the "Kärntner Heimatlied", written by J. Ritter von Gallenstein in 1817. Its verses describe the beauty of the Motherland Province in moving terms of deep affection.

Maria Wörth.

a shopping place for the needs of the surrounding countryside. Numerous castles and fortress-ruins are all that remain to remind of its proud past. 361

Villach has always been an excellent centre of communications. Belonging to Bamberg until the middle of the 18th century, it early received valuable privileges which together with a highly developed trade and the rich mineral yield of the mountains made it a very prosperous centre of culture. It likes to be called the "Town of Paracelsus", who lived there with his father for fourteen years. Its particular attraction is provided by the mountain which looks down into the streets and highroads from all sides. People say jokingly that this is the only town in the world where it is possible to hunt the chamois in the streets. This is, of course, not strictly accurate, for the forests of the Dobratsch mountain merely touch its outskirts. As a health resort it would be hard to beat, for mountains and lakes present the most varied attractions, while the warm springs of the medicinal baths offer a cure for many painful illnesses. A faint flavour of life in Italy, whose frontiers are not far [529]

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off, lends a certain piquanterie to Villach. It has developed industrially along lines which have done nothing to diminish its attractions.

Klagenfurt, the administrative centre of Carinthia, is the only town which is a municipal city according to accepted ideas. Even Klagenfurt is a natural picture framed by the most delightful scenery, and so near to the Wörthersee that it can be considered as belonging to the latter. The life of the town benefits by the crowds of holiday makers who visit it every year and by their demands save it from provincial stagnation. One should not be put off by the name, for it has nothing to do with "Klagen" (moaning) as the legend of the Dragon claims, but is simply a distorted version of "Glanfurt". The Dragon is to be found in the municipal coat-of-arms, and, in stone, guarding the fountain in the main square of the town, which bears evidence of its distinguished past in its old patrician houses. Emperor Maximilian I presented them to the provincial noblemen who had converted the small village of those times into a strong fort protected by stout walls against Turkish and Hungarian invasions, and probably against unruly neighbours as well. The prosperity of Klagenfurt really dates from the time when the development of Triest caused the road over the Loibl Pass to be built up as the shortest means of communication. Old farms with shady walks, dreamy inns where southern wine sparkles in the glasses,

Lauch Valley Costume.

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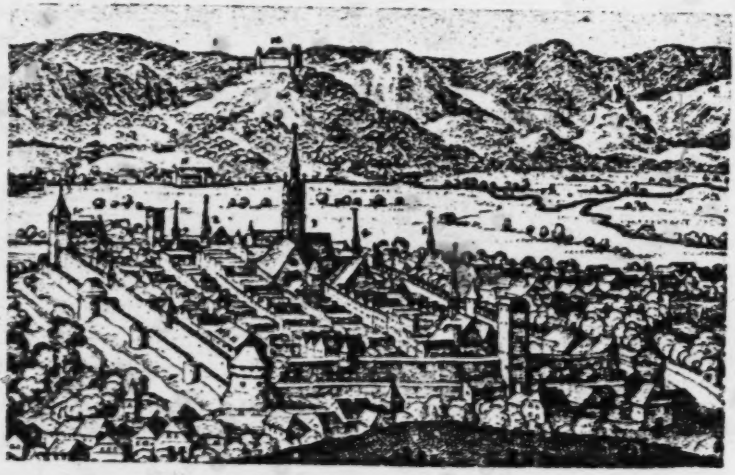

St. Veit-an-der-Glan.

well-kept gardens on the remains of the city wall, and wide avenues produce an atmosphere of peace and ease. The Government buildings, museums filled with treasures of prehistoric times, the proud Diet Hall with its "Wappensaal" of the Carinthian noble families, grammar schools and theatres, bear witness to the cultural level of life in Klagenfurt. On market day it is transformed into a little provincial town, where natural produce is exchanged for manufactured articles and the industrial products of many local factories, thereby maintaining a satisfactory balance between town and country.

And Carinthia's many other small towns? It would be tiresome to name them all and recount their merits. They are all witnesses to the industry of citizens, tradesmen and labourers, the forebears of some of whom have been settled in the district for generations. All of them are in close touch with the peasantry and fit well in with the wonderful natural surroundings of Carinthia, which invite the traveller everywhere to linger awhile. Some towns, such as Friesach, are almost overloaded with the beautiful and valuable monuments of a proud past. Churches and chapels richly decorated with reliefs and paintings, strangely formed charnel houses and beautiful wayside shrines ("Lichtsäulen") bear witness to pious gratitude. That this sentiment did nothing to weaken the powers of resistance and the realisation of the value of freedom is proved by the existence of fortified churches and the remains of the *Fliehburgen*. These fortified places of refuge owe their construction

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to the peasants' determination to resist attacks from the Styrian-Carinthian frontier districts which had often been invaded from the East.

AN ARTISTIC PEOPLE. The plastic arts have been widely influenced by the melody of the landscape and by the individual note which characterises Carinthia. This influence can be seen at work through the centuries. Even the works of foreign artists produced in Carinthia bear the Carinthian stamp.

341 The *Herzogsstuhl* ("Duke's Chair") at Zollfeld and the little church of Krainburg, one of the oldest churches existing in Austria, bridge the gap between the Roman remains which have been unearthed, and the romanesque period. On high points which were carefully selected you will find country churches in which services are still held and massively built charnel-houses. In the decorations of the romanesque monastery churches it is possible to trace the course of history; to see how, for example, the provincial romanesque reliefs yield to the Nordic passion for representations of the Stations of the Cross (for instance those of Millstatt), or how the style of great German buildings spreads into Carinthian territory, influencing the building of the monumental abbey at Gurk. Secret beliefs of the people in the supernatural as well as symbolic representations are revealed in the carvings on the doors and in the many-arched porch of the Abbey.

The religious severity of the choir construction is the first sign of Gothic, which blossomed in the 15th century into many pure gothic churches. Wooden statues of the Virgin Mary vie for recognition with richly carved triptych altars.

The renaissance and baroque styles are afforded little scope in secular monuments. But in the churches we find massive early baroque altars, which were succeeded by daintily carved rococo pulpits and by the famous Pieta of Rafael Donner in Gurk Abbey.

532 Carinthia's architectural and sculptural treasures have to yield place both in respect of quality and numbers to her paintings. There are a great number of romanesque wall paintings, noteworthy for their magnificence of conception and delicate colouring. The painting of Bishop Romanus in the Keep of Friesach is supposed to be the oldest fresco in Austria, dating from 1130, while that of the Apostles in the "Winter Church" of Maria Wörth is nearly as old. Again and again the removal of plastering

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ROUNDING OFF THE PICTURE. The broad belt of mountains whose waters flow into the Carinthian basin, towards which their valleys also run, and the uniform transport network which has consequently developed and has its centre here, have helped to give Carinthia remarkable political and economic unity.

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Within its confines there are no dividing barriers. No one area of Carinthia could exist independently of the others. They supply one another's needs. Without serious loss no one of them could be separated from the others and attached to some neighbouring economic territory dependent on a too distant centre. Their life is indissolubly united with the whole Carinthian plain and its towns which are the essential nerve-centres—Klagenfurt, with its government-offices and most of the higher schools, a scientific centre of the Geschichtsverein (Historical Research Society) for Carinthia and the museum collections provides for administration and cultural life, Villach as a railway junction of great importance looks after the technical requirements of the communications system. These two towns with St.-Veit-on-the-Glan and the rest of the smaller towns give the area its necessary economic backing.

Thus this compact organisation is permeated by all those elements of which the living body of Carinthia is constituted. It is surrounded by the eternal symphony of colourful scenery, interesting through its peculiar mingling of culture and national dress, exciting by virtue of the far-away magic beyond its frontiers.

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Graz, Mausoleum.

This Province, on the northern fringe of which the Kalkalpen stand as shimmering walls, and into which, between the Radlpass and the Wechsel, the sources of its streams and rivers flow from the primeval formations of the Lower Tauern and the Styrian border mountains, this Styrian land, which ends with its broad valleys of ploughland and gently sloping vineyard hills to the east and the south, has never lacked admirers to sing its praises. 133

Styria takes its name from the Count of Steyr, who in the 12th century was entrusted with this territory as a frontier outpost in the south-eastern corner of the Empire. Frequently overrun, defeated and rebuilt in the course of the changing centuries, its history has indeed been that of an outer march. Its name brings with it the memory of stubborn struggles, and the silver panther on a green field stands to honour its spirit in its coat of arms, kept immaculate by manly courage. 103

How shall one try here to describe the Province in a few words? At what boundary should one begin, at what places pause to use that district and its inhabitants to illustrate the whole? Obviously from Graz, the capital, we must try to get a glimpse and general picture of past and present. A fishing village and a market-place near the Mur Bridge in the shadow of the fortifications of the Castle Rock—this was Graz more than 900 years ago. Civic industry, the good and ill fortune brought by the centuries, have filled its history. Emperors have reigned there, and there also servants of art and science have come together from all quarters of the globe. Today Graz is a town with a quarter of a million inhabitants, surrounded by busy industrial 361

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361 districts, but the old Cathedral with the Mausoleum, the Armoury and the Joanneum are carefully preserved and living witnesses to its colourful past.

The other towns of the Province are no less worthy of consideration; Bruck, formerly so wealthy, with the famous Market Fountain in front of the Kornmesserhaus, the iron-producing town of Leoben, the trading centres of Judenburg and Murau, the last of which has grown up so charmingly around its Schlossberg.

Space calls for brevity. We must limit our wanderings to three districts; from them, we can learn to know the whole of Styria.

133 WEST STYRIA. It is part of the secret of Western Styria that the colourful and clamorous life of our times which is to be met within a number of mining and industrial settlements from Steyeregg to Piberstein is constantly influenced by the underlying muted tones of the ancient soul of the Province, which lives on in its quiet woodland solitudes. The southernmost point is the mountainous country beyond Eibiswald, crowned by the distant heights of the Koralm Range. The Freiland forms part of the Province and above it the tiny church of Maria-Osterwitz, which grows up into the clouds. There is that little corner behind Modriach and Pack which seems lost to the world, where they adhere more closely to ancient custom and habits of work than elsewhere. There is the Gösnitz,

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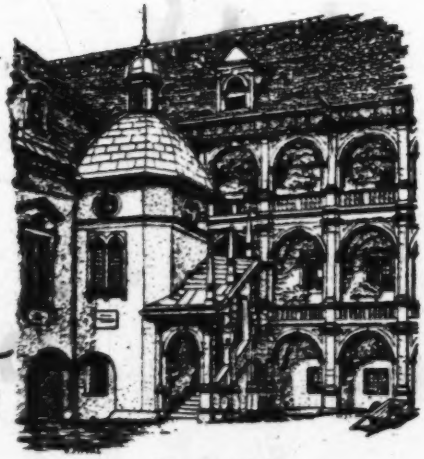

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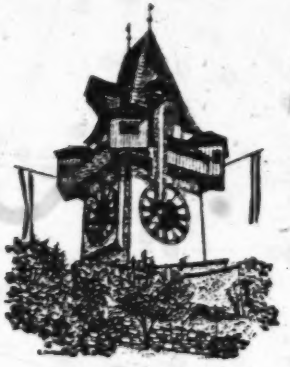
Graz, Diet Hall.

turned up in the fields by the ploughs of the peasants, now decorate the walls of many a building. On the towers and churches, especially of Mooskirchen, Stallhofen, Piber and Köflach they have been preserved as an indelible greeting from distant centuries when the world-wide power of the Roman Empire allowed our Homeland to share in its civilisation and culture.

Long after grass and the wilderness had erased the traces of Roman Noric civilisation, and a new way of life, Christianity and order had come to the Province of Salzburg, the castle of Deutschlandsberg became a centre of Salzburg planning and working. Later on, but of no less importance for development and trade, the nowadays so quiet town of Piber grew to be a far-reaching centre of culture when the house of Eppenstein gave their property to the Benedictines of St. Lamprecht. Their priory, in the parish of Piber, was a coveted living which once even boasted of a bishop. The Bailiff of Piber, however, taxed the lands of the Kainachtal down to the last peasant farm in the mountains. A circle of fortified castles guarded the roads and byways leading to Upper Styria—Haunstein, Klingenstein, the Primaresburg near Lankowitz, over the ruins of which the forest of Franziskanerkogel grows, Leonrod in the Gösnitz Valley, nowadays popularly known as Höllerrock Castle, Krems, where the keep still towers steeply above the Schlossberg, and the proudest of them all, Ober-Voitsberg, in whose shadow the inhabitants have enjoyed the privileges of citizens of a princely city ever since the time of Duke Friedrich the Handsome (1367). For many centuries life was mainly a peaceful exchange



Graz, Clock Tower.

of peasant labour and civic industry, the wine carriers from Hungary and the lowlands bringing greetings from far-off lands. Occasionally great nobles who broke their journeys had brought the exciting atmosphere of the big world. Like shafts of lightning historical moments lit up this forest-hidden land when the Turks came to trouble even the lonely vicarage on the Pack, or later, when the French marched in via Eibiswald and Preding. After the modest deposits of iron ore had been exhausted, the valuable timber caught the eye of the iron-masters. The streams drove the wheels of the hammers in the scythe workshops. The manor house to which one of the largest, the Tunner-hammer, belonged, still stands today amidst the smoke and noise of the colliery. Ever since Archduke Johann drew up with his own hands the plans for the construction of the railway line from Graz to Köflach in the fifties of the last century, and had them put into effect despite obstinate opposition, West Styria has become more aware of the vigorous life of modern times.

EAST STYRIA. Four main roads give access from the chief town to the rich fruit-bearing country of East Styria. Around this territory winds the River Mur, sweeping southwards from the sharp angle it makes at Bruck, and then eastwards to leave Austria at Radkersburg, forming a living barrier along the boundaries of East Styria.

The white ribbon of the first road runs past Maria Trost, climbing the hill within view of the massive Schöckel, descending to Weiz where it forks, one branch leading to the northern hill country, while the main road runs dead north, right into the heart of Peter Rosegger's "Waldheimat" ("Wooded Homeland"). The second highway is that famous

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one which from its earliest days has been known by its name of the Ries. Its asphalt surface climbs steeply to the high road, affording sweeping views from the inn-benches which date from the days of coach-travel. Bordered by forest and meadow, it descends gently into the Raab Valley. From Gleisdorf, where a branch leads off through Feldbach and Fehring to Hungary and another to the far-distant territory of Hartberg, its main branch continues as the Ungarnstrasse (road to Hungary) through Fürstenfeld to the Province of Burgenland.

The third road wanders towards the East Styrian hills, running past St. Marein-on-the-Pickelbach down into the Raab Valley. The fourth road over the Hühnerberg is the last in the network of roads which serves the quiet peasant life in the valleys between the Raab and the Mur.

These roads all vary, passing over hills and through valleys, past wooded mountains and vineyards linked together by fertile fields. The further east one travels along the valleys, the more they widen out as the space between the ranges of hills broadens until, in the distance, they remind one of the nearby Hungarian Plain. In the same measure that the countryside loses the shelter of the mountains do the human habitations grow together, isolated farms gradually giving place to hamlets, villages and market towns. The farms which in the middle districts consist of rambling house, cattle stalls and outbuildings, loosely grouped around one another as the terrain dictates, now move their components nearer and nearer together until on the other side of the bend in the Raab they become compact rectangles within which man, beast and the fruits of the soil are collected into one homestead.

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175 It is not hard to discover evidence of the changing fortunes of the Province. Tombstones have been found in remote parts of the forests with inscriptions in Roman letters erected to the memory of Celtic aborigines. By the roadside are overgrown tumuli which the peasants awefully refer to as "heathen graves". If one is to believe local legends, great princes are buried in some of them—perhaps even Attila himself, the King of the Huns. Later the Avars overran the country, destroying the deserted homesteads of the Romans and their culture, and driving

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Erzberg.

Then the walls of the Goller and the Gösser close in on the river at Raabklamm. Through this gorge a series of stone steps, foot-paths and bridges lead above the roaring, turbulent waters.

At the other end of this gorge rises Gutenberg, a fine castle which owes its impressive lines to the Stubenberg family to whom it has belonged since the 13th century.

361 St. Ruprecht-on-the-Raab owes its name to the Archbishopric of Salzburg which owned properties here since the year 860. Once a large parish and the judicial centre of an important district, it is today a notable market town which is sought out by holiday makers who appreciate its mild and health-giving summer climate.

Here the Weizbach joins the main stream; on its upper reaches lies the township of Weiz, a centre of industrial activity whose foundries even in far-off ages disturbed the placidity of the countryside, into which it is constantly spreading out its tentacles. Its landmark is the partly romanesque Taborkirche, records of which date from 1188. [346] The church on the Weizberg is built high above the town. Its exuberant-baroque twin towers afford a commanding view of the countryside in all directions. The cherished "Himmelsbergerin" as pilgrims call the shrine, is the work of Veit Königer, the Styrian baroque sculptor, and the painter Ritter von Mölk. The famous Renaissance Hall of the Joanneum at Graz was removed thence from Radmannsdorf Castle, today the seat of the Prefecture. Gleisdorf, once an old trading centre, was built on the ruins of Celtic civilisation. Many a well-preserved burgher's house bears witness to the prosperity of former times.

133 361 342 Just before Feldbach, the old market-town of the old Duchy which was raised to the status of a municipality in 1884, the road turns off which leads past Castle Kornberg with its many towers to the Riegersburg. The little town of the same name lies snugly ensconced on the lower slopes of the steep basalt rocks which are crowned by one of the most famous castles of the Province. Through seven gateways the approach winds into the inner courtyard, where a deep well is covered by a fine superstructure in wrought iron. Although Rutgerespurc Castle dates from the

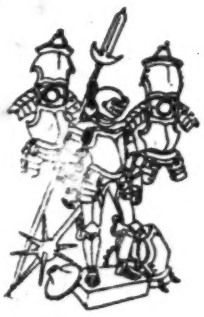
ON THE ERZBERG.

Styria is called "The Iron Province", and if one recalls the Armoury in Graz, that unique storehouse of the militant frontiersmen, one realizes how applicable is this name which chroniclers and poets are so fond of giving to the Province. It applies firstly to the mountain which forms the heart and centre of the countryside, the Erzberg. Since the times of the Romans the work of the miners on its slopes has been developed from early primitive methods to those of modern technique; the tall mountains around, and the old houses below the castle of the Oswaldikirche maintain the warmth and romance of Styria amid more mundane surroundings. The buried treasures of the mountains were welded into useful implements by the mills in Vordernberg and the iron works in the forest-glades until, in the middle of the 19th century, the works were able to make use of the newly-discovered brown coal mines. On this combination were founded the great iron works of Donawitz and Kapfenberg, which have made the name of Styria known throughout the world.

The Erzberg alone is enough to make Styria a rich Province. According to the legend it was in bygone times a mountain just like any other. One day a merman was caught in the Leopoldsteinersee. In return for his freedom he offered mountain treasure as ransom—gold to last one year, silver for ten, or iron to last for ever. The natives chose the last named.

The rust-brown iron mountain rises to a height of 2,400 feet by a series of gigantic steps, at the foot of which lies the market-town of Eisenerz, crowned by the "Schichtturm" and an old fortified church. Here beats the heart of the "Iron Marches" in its metallic depths. Thousands of miners can be seen on the iron-ore terraces, many of them working on the mountain as

12th century, it owes its present form and the insolent splendour of the interior mostly to the "Gallerin", born a Baroness von Wechsler, whose adventurous career is even today the source of many much appreciated stories.



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The Raab, along the banks of whose quiet, swiftly-flowing waters stand the great mills of the district, passes on into Hungary. Its basin has been made prosperous by peasant industry and toil.

The Feistritz starts its romantic course through Styria on the western slopes of the Wechsel, born of springs which arise amidst the wild mountain scenery of the Stuhleck and the Pretul Alps. For a considerable distance it is confined in a narrow valley, past Rettenegg and Ratten where the mining of brown coal has brought strange people and customs to the old forest peasant village, and is followed by the road and railway which serve the farms scattered on the mountain slopes or congregated into villages.

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Birkfeld, the old market-town of the Duchy lies well above the river. Anger, on the other hand, lies in the depths of the valley, surrounded by fruit trees, its dreams of the peaceful comfort of older times nowadays disturbed by the asbestos mills and the trucks from the soapstone quarries at Rabenwald. Through the cleft between Rabenwald and the Kulm, which affords a widespread view of the countryside, the Feistritz changes its direction to flow

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[342]

Hartberg.

east, and later southwards. Before it comes out into the open valley it passes below the forest-clad ruins of the ancient fortress of Stubenberg, the family seat of an old Styrian ruling family. Once again the Feistritz is swallowed up by a dark forest gorge, the Herbersteinklamm, at the end of which arises an imposing castle of the same name. Many periods have made their contribution to it—romanesque, gothic, renaissance, baroque. Peasants' straw-thatched farmhouses join the villages on the outskirts of the broad valley. Orchards follow the line of the low forest hills and on either side of the wide river lie fertile fields. Through an avenue of poplars the road leads to the picturesque and harmonious Castle Feistritz, well-hidden by the surrounding forests.

361 Out of the broad plain which was once owned by the Dukes of Styria rises Fürstenfeld, built up by the industry of its inhabitants, which has yet suffered the hardships of a frontier town up to the present day. The knights of Malta, evidence of an unbroken tradition, retain today their claim to a share in the property of the parish church which dates from 1232. A tobacco factory which has been established with its many branch buildings near the old castle soon recalls to lead us to the present.

133 The strip of land between the Feistritz and the Province of Burgenland is cut by the parallel rivers, the Safen and the Lafnitz. The hills which divide the two valleys rise up from the vineyards and forests until at Rabenwald and Massenberg they tower far above the stately Waldberge. Northwards these hills are overshadowed by the forest-clad mountains of the Jogelland which shut in the earlier course of the River Lafnitz.

133 342 At the foot of the mountains, between the serried rows of village houses which have often had to be rebuilt in the course of their tragic history, stand the residences

Riegersburg.

did their grandfathers before them. On holidays they wear the sober Maximilian miner's formal dress as has been the custom for centuries. Work above ground has made the old shafts obsolete, a giant electric crane replaced the old trucks.

Three roads once led to Vordernberg, on the other side of the Erzberg. The brown one brought iron ore, the black one coal and the white, flour. Up to the time of Emperor Joseph II this once-wealthy mining and industrial town had the trading monopoly for all iron ore smelted there. Since Donawitz has been able to draw coal from Seegraben, the blast furnaces of Vordernberg have fallen on evil days.

Styria is also called "The Green March", because of the woods which cover the spurs of the alps, as vast forests in the heights and as cool coverts between the vineyards of the lowlands. They are peopled by mountain dwellers of ancient and hardy stock such as the Archduke Johann knew and loved. That princely friend of the people rescued the Province from economic and mental decay, making of it a pleasant garden where the concerns founded and encouraged by him exist today. Johann gave proof of his love for Styria by taking one of its daughters for his wife. The people and the forests have grown together to make up what is implied by the term "forest motherland."

IN THE CAPITAL

The pleasantest way to reach Graz is to cross the Ries. The road descends in ever-sharper curves until after one steep drop one finds oneself facing the five terraces of the town. At once the eye is caught by the Schlossberg with its corpulent Clock Tower.

A sky of southern blue sets off the grey stones of the main square. Outside the Rathaus the flower and vegetable market is a riot of colour. The character of provincial nobility, originally built for defence and as a refuge for the villagers, which today illustrate modern farming methods or have become seats of responsible national education. Castle Neudau, the old Wasserburg may be named as one example of many. 133 342

Close to the edge of the mountains, at the foot of the Ringkogel, over which the Romans built the Säumerstrasse, lies the town of Hartberg amidst country which has been cultivated since the earliest times. Today it is the seat of various administrative authorities, an outpost of northern East Styria. The fine lines of the baroque tower of the local parish church puts it ahead of many other pleasing pieces of architecture in Hartberg. 361

Pöllau, the market-town between Rabenwald and Massenberg has become famous on account of its old monastery church, a spacious building distinguished by its fine workmanship. The most important interior decoration is the painting by the Master who created the Pöllau frescoes, Matthias von Görz. 361 346 532

The ancient Monastery of the Prebendaries at Vorau stands in solitary grandeur. Founded in the 12th century, razed to the ground by fire and rebuilt, ravaged by wars and consequently fortified like a castle, showing signs of decay yet refurbished in the styles of successive periods with added beauties, it has always been a centre of monastic discipline and learning, and of the religious and educational work carried on by the priests in the mountains and valleys of the district. The church has two German towers. On the walls of its brightly-lit interior the Masters of the early 18th century have put all the joyful triumph of the baroque age into their paintings, colouring and stucco work. The sacristy is known for its "Judgement Day", and "Last Supper", 792 346

by J. C. Hackhofer, and the library for its treasures of old manuscript.

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by J. C. Hackhofer, and the library for its treasures of old manuscripts.

Space must be found for a word about the hill country between the Raab and the Mur, the Land of the Seven Valleys which, separated from one another by forested heights, all guide their dark streams past quiet rural villages and mills hidden behind alder groves, flowing in the same direction towards the Mur. The latter, sweeping eastwards, forms a natural boundary for Styria. In the forests the edible chestnut is common, here and there casting its shade over a tumulus, which bears witness to long-forgotten settlements. Summer warms the air with southern strength, autumn bringing clear skies and the finest views from the footpaths which wind through vineyards and woods to white chapels.

529 The Gleichenberge and the Stradner Kogel are of volcanic origin. The curative properties of their springs are widely known. Bad Gleichenberg enables numerous visitors to combine the healing qualities of forest solitude, with up-to-date medical equipment.

245 The vine, which is cultivated in East Styria with varying results north of Hartberg, steadily improves in quality towards the south, reaching its zenith in the Klöcher Gebirge and around Halbenrain where the fine vintages are stored in the wine-cellars.

361 Mureck is a town of ancient Styrian civic culture, but its crown, the castle of Obermureck, lies on the other side of the Mur in what is today foreign territory, [342] as does Oberradkersburg, the ducal castle which since 1918 has been separated from the most southern town in Austria, the ever-loyal Radkersburg. None of the sufferings of a frontier town has been spared it. The tombstones in the churchyard of the gothic parish church are witness to the origins of its inhabitants. The venerable relics of Styrian civic life of olden times which are preserved in the tower of the Rathaus below the solemn frescoes of Fritz Silberbauer will encourage future generations to emulate the loyalty and watchfulness of their ancestors.

[498] THE STYRIAN ENNSTAL. Where the train leaves the narrow valley of the Palten to enter the broader valley of the Enns, it is greeted by a noisy network of sidings, signals and rails in the big station of Selzthal. The time-table describes it as a junction where many passengers change trains at an important crossing of north-south and west-east routes. Its name is better known in and outside the Province than many another which formerly meant fame and surviving tradition in the Enns Valley. A hundred years ago Selzthal was not much more than the name of a district, of a forest valley in which the charcoal-burners worked for the

and appearance of the old town is determined by a mingling of Late Gothic, Lombardian Renaissance and Italian Early Baroque. The well-known double-spiral stairway is a specimen of the extravagances in form of the 15th century. Half a century later the Diet Hall was built, a renaissance building of mature beauty. Within the severe exterior, dominated by massive cornice mouldings, one is surprised by the southern spaciousness of the three-storied arcaded courtyard. A harmoniously blended stairway leads to the banqueting hall. The bronze well in the courtyard is the work of native bronze casting. The adjoining Provincial Armoury, established in 1640, contains the greatest collection of historical armour and weapons in Europe.

The best work of the early baroque period is the tomb of the Emperor Ferdinand II. It was designed as a reminder of the triumph of the Counter-Reformation. The 16th and 17th centuries are responsible for the many arcaded courtyards. It was in the 18th century that the palais and residences of prosperous citizens were built.

SOUTH STYRIA, LAND OF VINEYARDS.

On the mountain tops shine small, white churches and summer bungalows gleam palely among groves and thickets. The shaded side of the mountain slopes are covered with forests, the southern sides bear sunny vineyards. The vines are often trained up poles which are usually the tops of fir trees, planted in the soil so that each vine looks like a well-grown tree. In the leafy vineyards are dozens of rattles, operated by the wind, which chatter at every gust. They are like wooden stars, little ones and big ones, which reflect the sunbeams, lending an unusual charm to the countryside. They give tongue at the least breath of air, their varied and often

Pöllau.

iron hammers of Admont Monastery, the iron-bearing rocks affording a meagre existence. Its few houses were not enough to form a village, and it belonged to the parish of Versbühel in the district of Rottenmann. But where the railway lines came to meet and cross, there the noise and bustle of the new life brought new inhabitants, new houses. Workshops and homes grew up amid the ever increasing noise and drifting smoke. In itself no beauty-spot, it is the gateway to a world of high mountains and age-old valley culture, the Ennstal.

To the right following the course of the river runs the Pyhrn railway, which then crosses the valley and disappears into the Bosruck Tunnel behind Ardning, emerging into the open to carry traffic to Linz in Upper Austria.

The track of the other line which leads to Amstetten follows the course of the Enns. From it one sees one picture after another of the ever-changing beauties of nature. The moss which spreads over the valley has in places been torn

On the left bank of the Enns, running eastwards, the road leads past the Grabnerhof, a modern agricultural college, and through the little village of Weng, climbing steeply to Buchau.

Through meadows and woods the little road leads out of a realm of solitude past traces of the bygone days of the "Ironmasters" to come gradually into more populated and livelier surroundings. In 1150 this place was called St. Gallus-in-Silva, i. e. St. Gallen-in-the-Wood—and the descriptive name is still applicable.

The main road from Admont to the East runs towards the Hohen Buchstein, at the foot of which road, railway and river enter that unique natural phenomenon which the Enns through countless aeons has carved out of the chalk cliffs, the Gesäuse. A sunny, cheerful forest valley, the river tearing its way through the rocks below, and on both sides high forests filled with the rushing wind and the songs of birds in the tree-tops. Now and again a stone avalanche falls from distant heights with the re-echoing crash of falling debris. Where small lateral valleys join the Ennstal they afford above dark forests glimpses of the gorges and heights of the Gesäuseberge. It is an exciting excursion, no matter whether the traveller looks out from the window of a train or the back of a car, or, disregarding the fatigue of going on foot in the old way, enjoys the beauty of the Upper Styrian mountain world in a four-hour walk.

Into the Gesäuse runs the Johnsbach Valley, once filled with noisy life by blacksmiths and their apprentices, but now a popular point of entry for mountaineers who whish to climb the heights of the Reichenstein, Ödstein, Planspitze and Hochtor. In Gstatterboden, on the calmer reaches of the river, the mountain giants are again visible in all their majesty.

Where the Erzbach joins the Enns lies Hieflau, long famous for its output of Styrian iron. The nearby Erzberg and the waterway of the Enns enabled Hieflau to establish and develop its furnaces, to turn out iron ingots and to build workers' houses. There are still some remains of the great Enns Dam, a picturesque construction of the hydraulic engineer Hans Gasteiger, who was buried in Kirchlandl in 1577.

The Enns, now flowing northwards, buries itself deeply between high plateaus on which farmers have long been settled amidst meadows and woods. Hastening past Gross-Reifling with its castle-like houses dating from the times of the iron carriers

133 and raftsmen, leaving Altenmarkt behind it, the Enns, today the favourite torrent for adventurous souls in collapsible boats, flows across the frontier into Upper Austria.

[496] From Selzthal the railway runs upstream along the left bank of the Enns to Radstadt and Bischofshofen in the province of Salzburg. All along its course northwards stands a chain of the characteristic peaks of the Kalkalpen in exciting divergency—Hochmölbing, Totes Gebirge, Hochtausing, Grimming, Stoderzinken and the lower flanks of the massive Dachstein. Different again, less wild, but as unique in their own way, are the forested subalpine hills which run off here to the left. Behind them lies the wilderness of the Niedere Tauern with their many lakes.

361 Liezen at the northern edge of the valley, mention of which occurs in documents [438] of 900 years ago, was the most important transport junction before the railway came into being. Trade and barter brought prosperity from the salt carriers and the traders who arrived by way of the Pyhrnstrasse. The growth of the neighbouring town of Selzthal has brought losses to the former roadside settlement, but the persevering inhabitants have found other means of livelihood and today its flourishing industries have raised Liezen to the status of a town.

[529] Wörschach, a pleasant and peaceful spot at the entrance to a gorge, attracts from afar holiday visitors and health seekers year after year to the healing springs of its radio-active sulphur baths. Mountaineers and ski-ers climb from here into the mountain world of Hochmölbing, Warschenegg and Hochtausing, the climber often finding summer conditions on the verdant heights of the Schneehitzalm and the Bärenfeuchten between the numerous herdsmen's huts. The mere pedestrian crosses the Taschnermoos within view of the towering Grimming and goes on to the Putterersee by way of Aigen.

[346] From Wörschach the road leads westwards to Niederhofen, whose little gothic church deserves the attention of all lovers of art—and of Styria. This building contains curious tempera paintings from about the year 1500 and three carved altars from the 17th century. According to Ferdinand Tremel, the Styrian historian, we have in it one of the oldest churches of the Enns Valley. In Stainach, to which the junction of the Salzkammergut electric railway and the Bischofshofen—Selzthal line have brought new life and trade, we catch sight of the rocky nest of "in der Pürgg" above. The great gothic church there, noteworthy for its antiquity as well as for its unusually artistic architecture, well earns its local name of "Steyrisches Kripperl" (Styrian Crib). Inns and farmhouses surround it, completely filling the gap in the rocky cliffs.

On the other side of the valley lies Irdning, an impressive market-town whose busy life confers many advantages on the wide mountainous hinterland.

From Liezen onwards one is impressed again and again by a mountain which rises above lower wooded heights like a vast, glittering castle of rock—the Grimming.

133 It is not surprising that in the Middle Ages it was described as the highest mountain in Styria and that the people paid tribute to its majesty in awe-inspired legends.

361 The market-town of Gröbming is worth a visit. Holidaymakers are attracted to it because of its fine situation and wonderful scenery. People from a wide area come to deal with officials who long ago established themselves here because of the central position. Art lovers come again and again on pilgrimages to the beautiful gothic church whose great carved triptych altar of the year 1510 stands out among other art treasures.

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Going upstream, we find the Enns flowing through increasingly cultivated and civilised country the nearer it gets to the old mountain town of Schladming. This place has been well planned and beautifully proportioned about a great square. Overshadowed by the towers of the Catholic parish church of the 16th century and the Evangelical church (1862), it presents a picture of dignified calm. In the past it has seen much want, warfare and tumult. It was the scene of peasant and religious wars. Fires and economic collapse ruined many an old family. The civic rights which were lost by Schladming in the year 1525 were restored to it again in 1925 in recognition of the courageous temperament and vigour of its

133 population. The Schladming countryside gets its individual note from two plateaus, the Rohrmoos and the Ramsau. The latter, lying at a height of over 3000 feet at the foot of the Dachstein, has been populated and cultivated for ages. The picturesquely-scattered farm-houses bear many evidences of their occupants' unquenchable love of the homeland. Thanks to its healthy situation in the heights and the approach it offers to the Dachstein via the Austriahütte, Ramsau is one of the most popular holiday centres of the Alps.

342 From Rohrmoos, a little further off, the view of the Dachstein range is if anything grander and more impressive. Here, as on the Ramsau, the farmhouses have in many cases retained the local peculiarity of the flatly inclined purlin roofs (as they are to be found westwards in the adjoining province of Salzburg). Together with the wooden shingle roofs weighted down by stones, they give the countryside its distinguishing note. These comfortable and homely dwellings are fast disappearing. Modern ideas and times call for economy with wooden shingles, pointing to the greater space and other advantages afforded by the steep roof.

133 HOCHSCHWAB AND MARIAZELL. On the borders of Lower Austria rises the broad and mighty complex of the Hochschwab. The range covers a surface of 400 square kilometres and includes over a hundred separate peaks. When the townsman sees these mountains, he has the feeling that Faust's magic

cloak has transported him into another world. The magnificent though distant views across the Danube to the high-lying plateau of the Waldviertel, to the West towards the Dachstein and beyond it to the Glockner, to the South as far as the barrier of the Karawanken are not easily forgotten.

Dachstein, Southern Slopes.

No less impressive is the wilderness of surrounding peaks and snowfields. The Hochschwab, that mighty giant, is approached through defiles and valleys where stand old foundries and deserted smithies. One's eyes are continually drawn to the towering walls of this gigantic range.

That is how the monk had seen it who is mentioned in the legend of the founding of Mariazell. In the middle of the 12th century, Otto VII, Abbot of Lambach, sent one of his monks eastwards to spread the teachings of Christ in the wilds of the mountains. He carried with him on his arduous journey an ikon of the Virgin, carved out of the wood of the lime-tree. But before long he found that he could no longer find his way out of the mountains, range upon range rising before him to bar his path. At last he sank down exhausted before a wall of rock, calling on the Virgin for help and rescue. In answer to his prayers the unscaleable barrier of rock parted asunder, granting him a miraculous passage to the valley behind it. There the holy man stayed and decided to build himself a cell in honour of the Virgin.

Now a town, Mariazell is delightful in summer as in winter because of its position and the surrounding scenery. Its central point is the great pilgrimage church, the largest in Styria. Gothic forms and baroque roof are impressively united. To the rear of the middle part of the nave is the chapel of Our Lady and the revered picture of the Virgin Mary and Child which is the object of worship.

The simple "Marien-Zelle" has developed into a place of pilgrimage, its religious influence reaching far beyond Austria into other lands. Processions of pilgrims seek comfort and strength here. Women and girls who wear a picture of the Virgin Mary of Mariazell on a slender chain about their necks, are supposed to be protected by it from sin and distress, and to retain for life a share in that charm and gaiety which enshrines this little jewel of a town in the mountains and spreads over the whole Styrian countryside.

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Schwertberg.

Downstream the raftsmen see from afar the massive blocks of the city tower of Enns. Known already to the Romans, Enns has been since olden times an important depot for salt, wood and iron. Goods not discharged there for road transport, stayed on the barges until the Danube Maut (customs house) was reached. The market-town there is still known as Mauthausen, and commands the waterway to Vienna and Hungary.

[316] IN THE MÜHLVIERTEL. In the great quarries carved out of the steep Danube cliffs one glimpses the primitive Mühlviertel scenery, based literally on granite. How many blocks of it have been cut and shipped upstream and downstream from Mauthausen, and used to build railways, roads and bridges, making the name of this picturesque market-town known throughout Europe! On the same bank further downstream before the Danube enters the narrows of the Strudengau is a fertile stretch of land known as the Machland. The chief town is Perg, once famous for its sandstone quarries from which millstones were cut. Close by is Baumgartenberg, which rises abruptly with the massive tower of its entrance gates and its high-roofed church out of the spreading orchards.

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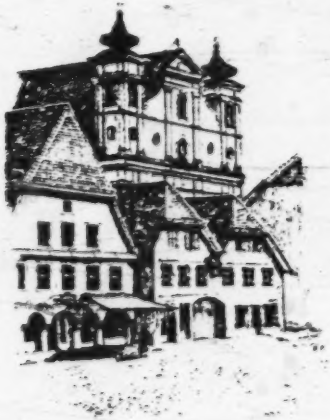

133 *Steyr; the old Dominican Church.*

A secular building of equal interest is the massive Greinburg with its granite arcades built on a cliff jutting out towards the Danube, dominating the town of Grein, framed by the forests and reflected in the waters of the Danube. Ships navigating this part of the Danube have to be on the lookout for rapids and whirlpools. Warnings are exhibited on the banks near danger spots and where necessary, hoisted on flag poles. The tugs toil upstream laboriously hauling heavily-laden barges past the picturesque riverside villages of Sarmingstein and St. Nikola.

Northwards from Perg and Mauthausen the Mühlviertel countryside broadens

SALT FROM HALLSTATT.

Thousands of years before the birth of Christ, the salt deposits in Hallstatt brought settlers to this remote spot and soon gave them comparative prosperity. Mining was also carried on, bronze cast, coarse wool woven and many a beautiful vessel of clay skilfully formed, although without the help of a potter's wheel. In baskets and sacks the salt was brought along byways to the trading roads and there exchanged against Roman goods. When the overlordship of Rome came to an end, Hallstatt fell into oblivion, the barbarian invasions temporarily obliterating its very name.

In 1292 Duke Albrecht I of Austria ordered the salt works of Gosau to be opened. This led to friction with Archbishop Conrad of Salzburg, as salt was also produced in his territories at Hallein. Possibly this prince saw danger to his revenues in the competition. Possibly the new works at Gosau really lay on Salzburg soil. In any case when the news of Albrecht's death became known in 1295, the soldiers of Conrad of Salzburg, accompanied by a mob from Hallein, overran the Kuchelthal, destroying the salt-pans and the new trading-centre.

Salt mines in Hallstatt were first mentioned in 1311, as a concern run by the State. A new method of producing the salt had been developed; instead of it being simply hacked off in blocks, it was dissolved in water, and the solution pumped above ground into pans. For a time the salt thus recovered was transported just as it had been 1500 years previously; that is, it was brought in sacks to Lambach and there shipped down the Traun.

Hallstatt's production in 1311 was considerable, amounting to about 4800 tons a year. By 1534 it was already 10,000 tons, rising to 25,000 tons in 1571.

The discovery of the Ischl salt mountain in 1562 caused Hallstatt's out. Circumventing the deep cut valleys, the high roads lead to the hilly uplands. Before long one glimpses the wooded rolling summits with the Alps on their southern horizon. The surrounding hills are covered with dark green forests, against which ploughland, pastures and farms stand out beneath the sunlit clouds. The slender-spired, white-walled churches on the heights might be pilgrims' ships about to set sail towards shores in the heavens. From the depths rises the sound of the rushing waters of the Feldaist, which after flowing placidly through meadow land at Wartberg, has been trapped in a wide and narrow rocky gorge through which it has to storm its way into the open. There its dark sister, the Waldaist, which has its source among deep forests where in remote villages the inhabitants paint religious pictures on glass, flows placidly to join it.

Amid such surroundings lies Kefermarkt, whose gothic church contains a well-known carved altar, a fine example of late mediaeval art. It breathes the spirit of an artist who was at one with the people. St. Wolfgang occupies the central shrine, with St. Peter and St. Christopher on either side. The delicate tracery of the lime-wood carving branches upwards like the tops of trees. Something of the old-world peace that permeates the hill region which the traveller has just left seems to be embodied in the gentle inspired features of the central figure. In the face of the "Holy Ferryman" St. Christopher, one finds traces of the severity of the northern landscape. Any day you can run across people with such impassive faces, with such dour expressions on those inclement uplands of the Upper Mühlviertel, where spring arrives a month later than elsewhere in Austria, and where even in summer the solitary farmhouses are endangered

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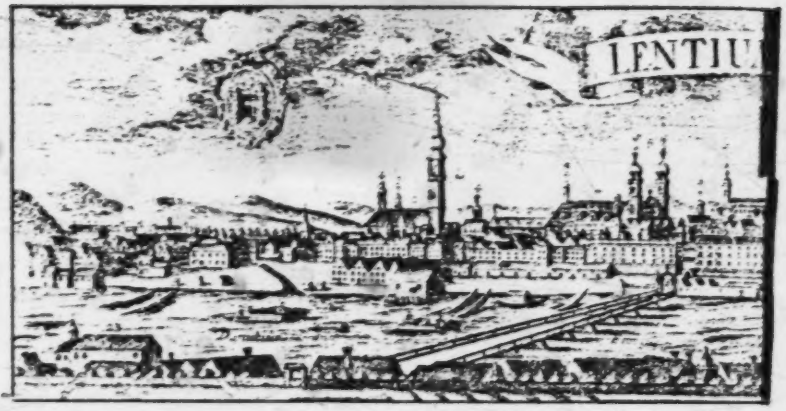

132 by raging storms. Here an early winter may often come to destroy the harvest, the fruit of bitter toil, and sweep away bridges and footpaths so that neighbour is isolated from neighbour.

361 At such times life is easier in the Upper Austrian towns—for instance, in Freistadt, the former frontier fortification north of Kefermarkt. Round the mediaeval town with its wide, turreted square lies a broad moat. On the wall which once defended the citadel whisper ancient lime-trees, casting their shadows over the children who play beneath them.

496 Not far from here runs the line between Linz and Budweis, the first "railway" line constructed on the continent of Europe, which unites the former Crown Lands of Bohemia to Upper Austria. In biedermeier times the citizens of Linz used to make excursions on this railway, travelling far into the country in horse-drawn railway carriages resembling post-coaches. These were in use for 40 years before the horse-drawn was replaced by the steam railway.

133 Up hill, down dale, sometimes in deep valleys, sometimes climbing up to the heights, the Mühlviertel, which has been called, not without reason, the "hunchback"-land, stretches further and further out towards the dim vastness of the Böhmerwald. At the foot of the Dreisesselberg, where Bavaria, Bohemia and Upper Austria meet, rises the broad Mühl from which the district takes its name, its golden-brown waters flowing on to the Prämenstratensian monastery of Schlögl. For many hours one can trace its meanderings through solitary mountain forests, following the sound of the woodsman's axe or the smoke of the charcoal-burners, where the grey wisps 288 float above the lofty crests of the pines. From courtyards and houses come the 248 muffled rhythm of hand-operated spinning wheels. Here flax is grown, spun and bleached.

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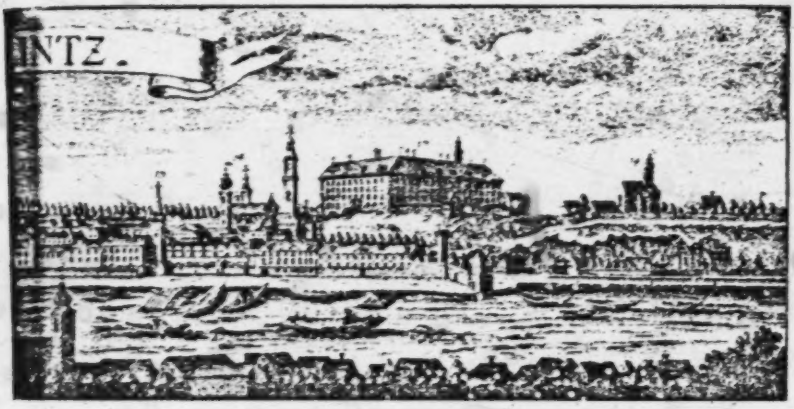

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importance to decline, but on the other hand production on a large scale was planned for the whole district. A conduit for dissolved salt in solution was constructed from Hallstatt to Ischl and later extended to Ebensee, thus laying the foundations for an industrial development, the principles of which are still valid today.

A difficulty inseparable from the recovering of salt was the considerable amount of wood required. The two salt-pans at Hallstatt in which the solution was evaporated needed 380 cubic metres of wood per week. Gradually but surely the forests disappeared, for apart from the need of fuel for the pans, building and mining timber was also necessary. In the middle of the 18th century Hallstatt had a consumption of 88,000 tons of wood per year. These proved the maximum figures for salt production. The discovery of the salt mountain at Ischl and the subsequent laying of the salt-solution conduit saved the forests of the Hallstättersee.

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In 1750 the transport of salt underwent a great change through the regulating of the Traun. From now on the

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bleached. At Rohrbach and Neufelden the country opens out. Hops flourish on long poles and the Mühl is dammed to form a lake, the falls of which produce much needed water-power.

The wide ribbon of the Danube borders the Mühlviertel on the southern side, but the wild Urgebirge impedes the river's course, forcing it into creeks and side-arms. So were created the confined, deeply forested Danube narrows from Bavaria to beyond Lower Austria. A journey through those romantic reaches of the great river is not easily forgotten.

THE CAPITAL. Linz is a retiring town, a coy beauty. Anyone arriving from the railway station will not appreciate it. Nor will the motorist, if he follows the main road passing the iron foundry. The proper way to arrive at Linz is to land from the Danube. Then you will take it to your heart, for Linz is born of the Danube. St. Martin-über-dem-Felsen is its most ancient church.

The castle is an outpost. It has seen many changes, from monastery to castle, later to a

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princely residence and then to barracks. Since the time of Rudolf II it has stood, a massive block-house, above the town. The old town lies at the foot of the mountain, where the little houses start to rise towards larger ones. The growth of Linz dates from the establishment of its market; originally it was just a broad street adorned with lime-trees and wells, an example of the interpenetration of town and country. The middle-class houses of the square speak of old-fashioned comfort. Narrow house fronts conceal long courtyards with ornately arched entrances. The Rathaus with its baroque façade and octagonal tower is hardly more noticeable than other buildings.

Linz has always been a bourgeois town. Each stone proclaims that this is no creation of monarchs, that this is a town of self-satisfied middle-class folk. Its history is a record of industrious citizens.

The northern porch of the fine Diet Hall reminds one of the great days of the 16th century. During the Reformation Johannes Kepler taught here and wrote his first work, the "Harmony of the World". The severely monastic renaissance buildings contrast with the elaborate baroque outlines of the Jesuit Church. Ignoring the busy bustle of nearby factories, the charm of this town of free burghers lies in its quiet and dreamy atmosphere, the baroque note of the buildings on the main road and the hour when the far-famed women and girls of Linz stroll of an evening on the main square and along the Danube banks.

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UP THE DANUBE. Linz and (on the opposite bank) Urfahr are suitable points of embarkation for Danube steamer trips. The adjacent slopes of Frein- and Pöstlingberg, to which the little suburban houses on the river banks cling like birds'-nests, confine the bed of the stream at the start. The steamer passes between the impressive Kalvarienbergkirche and the slender tower of Puchenau, following the curve of the legend-haunted Kürnberg, in the forests of which are the walls of an ancient, weather-beaten refuge from invaders. Above the far-flung wall of mountains lies the Cistercian monastery of Wilhering. Built during the Crusades on an isolated strip of river bank, it was rebuilt after a disastrous fire with all the splendour of Austrian rococo.

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salt from Hallstatt—still 10,000 to 15,000 tons a year—was rowed over the lake and taken down the Traun in small boats. From this time on a separate industry developed—that of ship-building, for there was a considerable fleet to keep in order. There were six-oared and nine-oared boats; upstream they were drawn by horses. The knowledge of ship-building acquired by the inhabitants of the Salzkammergut proved of good service during the wars against the Turks, for many hundreds of war vessels were built by them, to be used on the lower reaches of the Danube.

At the beginning of the 17th century, as a result of the Plague and the Turkish Wars, the Salzkammergut was involved in grave economic difficulties. In 1714 the Salt Office in Gmunden refused all responsibility for steady salt production "while the salt workers are literally dying of starvation". In 1715, people in Hallstatt were reduced to eating soup made of salt water and bran bread.

In 1717, scurvy broke out in Aussee. In 1770, the worst was so great that the miners saved the tallow issued to them for lighting purposes in the mines in order to be able to take it home on Fridays as extra fat.

The time was ripe for social upheavals, and in France the flag of revolution was unfurled. In Austria radical reforms were proclaimed by a progressive monarch, the Emperor Joseph II.

ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

The traditional customs of the Province follow the seasons of the year. Just before Christmas families work with devotion and skill to build up a Manger scene, often several yards long. From moss and roots a Salzkammergut scene is built up in which the Crib is placed with its carved wooden figures, which generally date from the 18th century. Midnight mass is solemnly

Wilhering Monastery.

As one passes through a romantic countryside, villages crop up here and there, crowding their red roofs around lofty church spires. Elsewhere the mighty keep of a mountain castle challenges the skies. The steamer threads its way among sandbanks where herons stand motionless as dream figures until suddenly one of them flaps his wings and writes the cryptic signs of his flight in the morning sky. In the far distance one can see where, to the south, the wall of the Alps blocks out the horizon; at times it seems to draw nearer and at times it seems to be swallowed up in the misty distance.

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The boat steams cautiously past the rocks of the Aschacher Kachlet, giving the passenger time to look at the tower of Eferding Parish Church, in which a certain Johannes Kepler once married the daughter of a simple citizen, Reutlinger. Beyond the ruins of Schaumburg we approach the hills of Aschach. The grapes embodied in the coat-of-arms of this market-town are a reminder of bygone days of Upper

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Aschach-on-the-Danube.

Austrian wine-growing. The green grapes on the sunny walls of many a farmhouse seem to be dreaming of these bygone glories. Today, the mugs in the "Bauernstuben" ("Peasant Parlours") and the glasses on the inn tables are no longer filled with wine, but with the cider and perry from apples and pears which in late summer lie in great heaps before the old home presses, richly carved and decorated with mottos. The Upper Austrian is a great drinker of cider in pauses between his warm work in the fields, and at "Jause" (tea time), in cool, paved rooms or in the shade of an inn lime-tree in summer.

The wooded charm of the mountains lining the Danube Valley strikes an ever more solitary note. The hills and cliffs twist the ribbon of the river into loops until at Schlögen it makes a great bend around the foot of the mountain on which stand the ruins of Haichenbach. Next come the villages of boat-builders; further upstream we see on high ground the market church of Engelhartszell on the right bank, near the Bavarian frontier.

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IN THE INNVIERTEL.

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Rich harvests are usual in this part of the country. The four-square farms nestle comfortably and with an air of independence in the rich fields. In the stables, side by side with the long row of sturdy cart-horses are fast trotters, which draw the farmer and his wife on cross-country trips, or when they enjoy the hospitality of a wedding feast in some neighbouring village. Baroque church

announced by trumpets from the tower, and hundreds of candles burn in the cemetery.

In the "Raukmacht", before the Feast of Epiphany, you can watch the "Glöcklerlaufen" in many parts of the country around Ischl. Young men in groups of up to 30 and more carry transparent head-dresses on their heads in the form of chapels, fish, crosses, ships, etc., which are lighted up from within by candles. They are dressed in white, with dangling bells and run from house to house at a definite steady pace.

In the spring, at Candlemas, the time for changing servants, there is "Aperschnalzen". This is a rhythmic cracking of whips which welcomes the first patch to be clear of snow. Later comes the "Almauftrieb" (the driving of cattle up to the mountain pastures) to be followed in autumn by their being driven back to the valleys. The procession up to the green pastures is a great event. The cattle are decorated with coloured ribbons and garlands of flowers, the leading bull carrying a bell. The calves often bear crowns of real flowers between their tiny horns.

On Palm Sunday the palm bush is constructed. Branches of pine, willow and spring flowers are twined together in bunches to which ribbons and apples are attached, and are then fastened to long poles and carried to the church. Afterwards they are placed in the middle of the fields to make them fruitful, and left until the new grain or high grass has grown up all around.

Corpus Christi Day is a religious holiday throughout the Catholic countryside. Everywhere there are processions. At Hallstatt and in Traunkirchen, where there is too little space between lake and mountains, the Corpus Christi "Procession" is held upon the lake. On the water, verses are read from the four gospels, while guns thunder from the shores or in the mountains.

towers and the steep span-roofs of the houses look out over golden fields of wheat and barley, over level plains and gently sloping hills of arable land, over orchards heavy with fruit and extensive forests. Like a constantly recurring *leit-motif*, the chain of the Alps thrusts the many-shaped zigzag of its peaks into the sky wherever one glances southwards. Whether it be in the prosperous market-towns on the Inn, in Schärding or Braunau or the land up-country, in Ried or Haag, in old riverside-shipping towns like Obernberg or in the distant villages, everywhere you sense the Innviertler's *joie de vivre*, his passion for dancing and song, his simple enjoyment of marriage and church festivals. Trace this to its source and you will find that it is love of the soil, of the Province, of home—as you will find it interpreted in the dialect verses of Stelzhamer.

Braunau-on-the-Inn.

If you are looking at altars and similar church decorations in this area, you will surely come across the name of Schwanthaler. An artist whose imaginative sketches have been exhibited all over Europe lives here in a romantic castle at Wernstein-on-the-Inn—Alfred Kubin.

IN THE HAUSRUCK. Across the Province of Upper Austria runs a forest-covered range of alps, the Hausruck. Its massive height may well have seemed to popular imagination like the body of a giant resting embedded in the surrounding hills, lost in mysterious dreams.

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Schärding-on-the-Inn.

133 When this sleeping giant stirs—landslides of the underlying gravel beds, say the geologists—the giant Hausruck often shifts houses from their anchorage. Yet the people love him as a well-meaning giant, especially since he presented them with 316 a treasure which adds to their prosperity. In the time of Emperor Joseph II, fields of brown coal were uncovered here. Since then a mining population has 361 grown up. Wolfsegg, a market-town over which stern battles raged during the Peasant Wars, has given its name to the second greatest coal area in Austria. The fertile slopes of the Hausruck stretch out to the Danube Valley. At its lowest point lies Lambach, the old Benedictine settlement on the Traun. Its splendid baroque porch is worth attention. On leaving the neighbourhood of this monastery, one enters an area of almost irresistible beauty.

133 THE SALZKAMMERGUT. It is impossible to paint in words a convincing picture of the glories of the Salzkammergut. One can mention its name, together with those of various favorite spots there, to stir up feeling or memories. There is that feeling of elation which is inseparable from this area; everyone is susceptible to it, whether he comes from Upper Austria, Salzburg or Styria. A sense of expectancy masters eye and mind. Impatiently one's gaze wanders from the lovely immediate surroundings to the exciting view ahead, both impossibly lovely. An involuntary cry, a sudden embrace, may afford vent to the emotions—the Austrian will suddenly cry out: "God must have made this world in seven holidays!"

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Corpus Christi Procession on the Traunsee.

133 Further up the Traun lies the Hallstättersee, a tight-lipped storehouse of
361 ancient secrets. The houses of the little market-town are piled one above the other on the narrow rocky terraces leading from the shores of the lake to the slopes of the Salzberg, on whose heights lies a famous ancient burial ground.
765 Lines of Hamlet come back involuntarily as one inspects the charnel-house with its many rows of skulls with religious inscriptions painted across the bony foreheads.

133 Indifferent to man's changing fortunes, the Dachstein, its royal peak towering above the mountain forests, watches eternally in its glacier armour. Below, the Gosau Lakes look up at it with unrevealing eyes of green in whose depths one can read only the reflection of primitive natural forces.

946 In the Salzkammergut, beauties of nature and of handicraft are never far apart, and on turning from the one you meet the other. There are carved statues and

pulpits, sacred images and churches with famous altars—Hallstatt, Mondsee and, 346
at St. Wolfgang, Michael Pacher's wonderful altar triptych.

There is the old monastery settlement of Traunkirchen; on a steep hill jutting 361 ●
out into a creek of the lake which the Romans called "The Happy", the monastery lies adjacent to the church and the dreamy courtyard of the now solitary garden, cut off by an arched gateway from the outside world. Next again comes the cemetery, protected by a low wall of rock which runs down to the lake. The graves are huddled together, the mounds and crosses covered by rambler and ivy. Those whose minds incline that way may reflect in this lovely spot on life's reconciliation with death.

Turning back to pulsating, exuberant life, the picturesque streets tempt one to travel further, mountain railways wait to carry one up to the summits which afford such unique views of the lake district of the Salzkammergut.

Just as in Rome one drops a coin into the Fontana di Trevi if one wishes one day to return there, so one should linger for a parting glance at the promenade in Gmunden. Built in a series of rising curves, the epithet it seems to call for is "graceful". Country mansions, castles and middle-class homes rub shoulders with one another. Boats rock softly on the water, swans glide elegantly towards the shore and the silver-grey outlines of the lakeside castle are reflected in the waves.

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Hallstatt

FROM KREMSMÜNSTER TO ST. FLORIAN. Swiftly and smoothly the pastel-green waters of the Traun run through forest and field out into the fertile moorland near Wels, a town which has a colourful and distinguished past. The course of the Traun is followed closely by the smaller Krems. This river has given its name to a splendid abbey. Anyone seeing Kremsmünster for the

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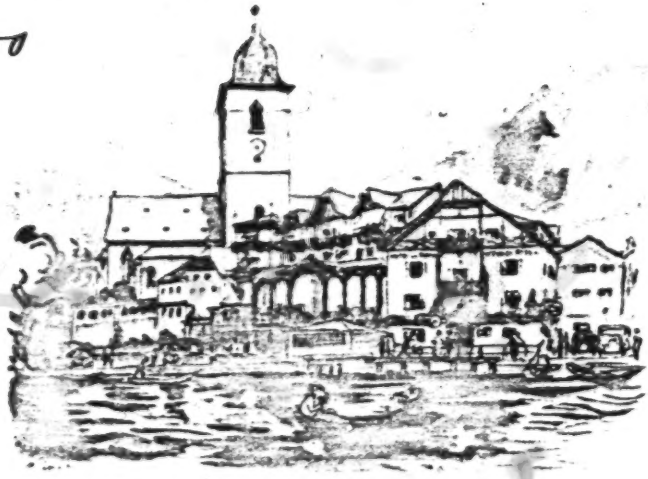

St. Wolfgang.

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133 first time is immediately struck by its mighty, castellated walls with their great cupola-crowned roof. From the high belfry of the monastery towers with their helmet-like domes come notes of praise to the Creator. Standing before the interesting arcades of the fish-tanks, one is filled with admiration for the architect of the abbey. When (for the arcades of this unique building go far beyond the utilitarian purpose for which it was intended) one looks at the skies reflected in the crystal-clear surface of the fish-pond, listening to the fall of the water pouring from the moss-covered carved figures round the spring above it, one has a feeling of having caught a glimpse of a forgotten and enchanted world in which the strange story that the fish here were once called to feed by the notes of a bell sounds quite reasonable. Looking out from the top of the "Mathematical Tower", from the Observatory, one can see far into the valley of the Krems which spreads before one like a beautiful garden following the slopes of the foothills. To the south one sees the multitudinous peaks of the Tote Gebirge. With its rugged ridges and snowy, glittering peaks, it is majestically overshadowed by the wall of the Hohe Priel. There are many all-day excursions to be made in this area across rising plateaus and a landscape of primitive beauty. As one approaches it through the Almtal or by way of Hinterstoder one enters the realms of great heights and brooding silence.

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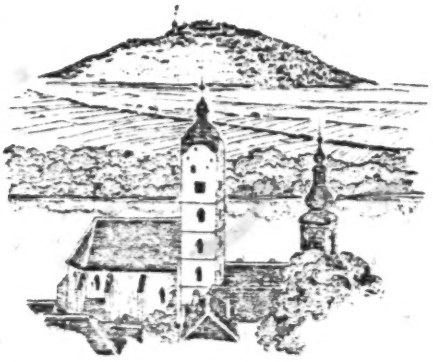


Göttweig Monastery; view from Stein-on-the-Danube.

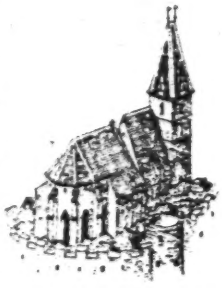
red top-boots and white leather accoutrements, you would not have been surprised.

When the happy crowd went on to Dürnstein, was it still an excursion? Was not it rather a dipping into the romance of the past? "At the Sign of the Singer Blondel" or "At the Sign of King Richard the Lion Hearted" are names of inns there. And when you lay up above on the remains of a castle wall, the dark water streaming past below and the dark forests gleaming on the slopes of the mountains, you had for the first time the feeling of getting to know the spirit of a countryside and of being close to all the fateful events it had seen.

●361 792 Melk is throned in majesty. From a massive parapet of stone rise Prandtauer's glorious towers. The Monastery is vast and overpowering. It was the birthplace of law and order in the Danube district, as of Austrian culture and literature. The treasures which the magnificent library offers to the mind can hardly be grasped by the eye.

292 Everyone should at least once have seen the colourful silk dresses and shimmering gold bonnets of the women from the Wachau district. How lovely when the evening light falls on them as it did that time in Göttweig, and you hear the moving rhythm of the song: "So home we go in the full moon's light."

133 241 THE WALDVIERTEL. Eggenburg lies almost on the dividing-line between vineyards and forests, gently warmed by virtue of the declining and widening slopes. But high above, around the Nebelstein, the wind blows chill and raw. There the oats have to be mown by mitten-covered hands. As the Ottenschlag saying has it:—"Three-quarters of the year winter, one quarter cold." In places there are enormous blocks of stone which have carefully to be avoided by the plough. Vast forests of pine give the countryside a dark and rugged hue relieved only by



Weissenkirchen.

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Raab-on-the-Thaya.

of the Pulkau, in the Danube area—and in China.

BEAUTIFUL IS OUR SUMMER! Millions of vines reaching out towards the setting sun, a low, thick-set endless forest of pale green. Before you the fertile valley in its lovely frame. Ahead, hundreds and thousands of fields, ribands of flame through which one can walk for two hours, golden seas of shimmering grain. And in between, green clover and vegetables, caught in the rays of the setting sun.

In the middle of the valley, along the Pulkau, lie the villages. Large and solid roofs, a strong, bulky tower, and round about a circle of trees characterise the isolated vineyard market-towns and villages. They are large and straggling settlements, virile in character. You should pay them a visit and enter one of the houses. A strong and penetrant smell of home-made bread, bubbling pots, flour-bins, eiderdowns bursting with feathers, the breath of man and beast, warmth of straw and stables will greet you with familiar welcome.

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Where the valley sweeps broadly round are again pale green hills, vineyard upon vineyard. Next comes a wooded mountain, its crest gracefully sloping down and leading the eye on to the great beech and oak forests of Ernstbrunn. Hard is the life of the peasants here—never-ending round of toil. On winter nights when the vines are endangered, they tend the fires whose smoke fights the frosts. When at last they have completed the protection of the vineyards against damp, against drought, against insect pests, they turn, weary and worn, to the fields awaiting the reaper. As black clouds gather they fear for both. Through sleepless nights they aid the beasts in the struggle to bear their young. When they go to haul the trunks of great oaks from the forests, it is midnight before the horses are fed. The population has preserved its ancient manner of speech, as lively and as deeply rich as the ocean. The forces of long past centuries and an ancient homeland linger on in word and custom. Marriage splendours, the dance of the vintage, "Weizauslösen" (de-husking the grain) and "Federnschleissen" (stripping the feathers of their down) lend colour to days and nights.

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In summer everyone should see a "Kirtag" (church festival). This is more than an annual fair, it is the great festival of the year, two days and two nights of feasting

273 Along the roadside, steep steps below protecting arches amidst trees and overgrown with brambles and bushes lead down into the wine cellars. On a holiday, many old hands return gladly to the place they were once so eager to leave. One hears familiar salutations—"Grüss Gott, Herr Professor"—"Servus, Franz"—"Servus, Schani".

Such greetings empress the brotherhood of those who work amidst the vines, a comradship which seldom dies. However distinguished the position some of them may have attained in the great world beyond, they are glad to return to the comfortable corner seat which was theirs of old—perhaps the more so because it is now unfamiliar. You could do worse than find such a corner yourself one day.

The white candle sputters and drips, held in a black iron spiral, as its gold-tipped flame lightens the surrounding shadows. Glasses hanging from the rough hooks of the black-wood glass-rack, reflect delicate or brilliant hues. The landlord, coming from the barrel with a brimming wine-siphon, takes them down one after the other and lets the thin stream of wine run into them, fragrant with summer, foaming and bubbling. As the traditional toast—"Gesundheit!"—"Good Health!"—goes around, one might think it the password of some secret society.

Day fades unnoticed into night as tongues are loosened and secrets shared. The wine and the earth which nourished it establish their rule over the hearts of men. *In vino veritas*—the inner soul of men, be it good or bad, reveals itself in words while the world beyond is wrapped in silence. Whatever the sounds of the street outside, they fail to penetrate into this roadside cave. Emperors and kings, battles and epochs cease to count. The world is that which lies within the orbit of the flickering candles. Here village school-teachers, priests, professors, doctors, their fathers and their brothers are one!

● 361 For many, Retz is the fairest town of the wine country. Here, during the dark days of the Thirty Years' War, the first Austrian hymnal was put together; it enshrines the soft and moving lyrics of Mediaeval German. That which Stifter's "Nachsommer" (Indian Summer) expresses in words, is told in stone in the beautiful municipal square of Retz. Below the square and under the houses lies cellar after cellar. In some of them you could drive with a carriage and pair. Above towers and crenellated walls, on the way to the forests higher up, stand two stately windmills, solitary and lovely, with no fellows in all Lower Austria.

133 IN THE MARCHFELD. You once stood day after day as the tireless lark filled the blue heavens with his song, while the great world stirred like a strong man awakening from a sound and refreshing sleep. This world seemed to be one vast wide-stretched field of green and brown, bounded only by the blue-forested Bisamberg and the Carpathians. Between these two were fields of pale, shimmering corn or misty plough-land. Above all arched the mighty dome of the skies.

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Baden near Vienna.

it, it carries rubble and sand from the mountains, laying down its burden wearily in autumn when its level is low, only to drag it vigorously forward again on the swelling spring waters. In winter, ice-floes form into a barrage starting from the direction of Hungary, slowly advancing against the current and constantly fed by drifting ice. The ice-floes mount with loud reports one upon the other until, in some years, people are able to cross the river on them as on a bridge.

Flood warnings may be given at any time of the year. People are still caught unaware by the rising

To pay special attention to any one place of the Wachau would be to wrong all the others. There are St. Michael, Vösendorf, Rossatz, Arnsdorf, St. Johann, Aggsbach, Emmersdorf, Groisbach and Loiben. Everywhere are dreamy corners, arches and arcades, steep stairways and cliffs, ivy-covered walls overlooking the river.

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Built on a rock high above the Danube, the monastery of Melk holds undisputed sway over the wide countryside. For 300 years the massed roofs of the village below have marched with the columned façade of the front elevation. It took a whole generation to build this

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Seebenstein.

mighty Benedictine monastery according to Prandtauer's grandiose design, the Prelate's Courtyard with its quiet fountains, the Imperial Wing, the great half-moon of the terrace between the two monumental and at the same time delicately contrasted towers, the high dome of the cupola, the library, the fine reliefs of the archways and the artistic ceiling frescoes. Stand beneath this baroque canopy and look upwards: Virtues, Wisdom and the Arts are seen attempting to lead the human soul to higher things.

Here one is confronted with a part of the spirit of Austria. Side by side with the inescapable reality of everyday life and the material world, thought and emotion have built an unattainable but equally real world

491 of the imagination in baroque style. It is in conformity that the Wachau district does not possess any broad, straight motor roads. Here everyone is forced to linger, to regard quietly his surroundings, perhaps also to ponder a little over himself and the world.

133 Melk stands at the beginning of the Wachau, which now passes Schönbühel to become the most famous part of the Danube Valley. Church and castle stand here on rocky ground near the river, showing a marked individuality of design. You would be well advised to stop at Aggsbach to climb to the ruins of Aggstein. The countryside here opens up like a burst and overripe fruit. Along the horizon roll the green waves of the mountains, hill upon hill. Far below the remaining walls of the once mighty castle gleams the "Rosengärtlein". Scattered around are farms, churches and fertile fields. Down in the valley vineyard follows vineyard. The sharp tang of woodruff rises on the air, and may later be met again floating in a refreshing wine-cup.

● 361 A culminating point in this feast for the eyes is Dürnstein. It rises up abruptly in complicated lines and its harmonious blending of ochre and white. Sheltering beneath the dominating ruins of the old castle and a baroque monastery tower is the clean little market town where the moving story of Richard the Lion-Hearted and his minstrel Blondel is still honoured today.

waters. Maliciously the latter lift the mill-stocked pile of firewood, which they carry off with the same ease or difficulty as they do the rough-hewn logs which have been rolled to the river brink to serve as rafts. Using these as battering rams, the river attacks houses and barns, tears skiff and boat from hook and chain and drives terrified animals into the fatal current.

Then once again the Danube flows peacefully past the watchful water-gauges, to trickle cunningly above the dams on to the fields and meadows. Grassland and forests follow the river's course for long distances. The vegetation grows luxuriantly in the damply-warm climate of the Danube Valley, producing a primaeval, awe-inspiring picture. On the sand-banks of the river lives a polyglot world of birds. Cormorants and grey herons stand watchfully in the

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In Krems the Middle Ages live on into modern times—the old city gates, the patrician residence with its bow window jutting out above the street, the Parish Church with paintings by the Krems baroque artist Schmidt, the inns with their dark, carved furniture and pewter vessels on the walls. Behind the town the vineyards follow the river, the steep clay slopes threaded by horizontal lines of stone supporting walls.

The Wachau ends with a monastery on the right bank of the river, as it began with Melk above. Göttweig, in an open situation on the mountain side, may be seen from afar. Set back from the Danube harbour and the shipping routes, it stands calm and solitary, remote from the noise of the workaday world. It can boast of Dutch tapestries and delicate chairs in the Imperial Suite, these and the

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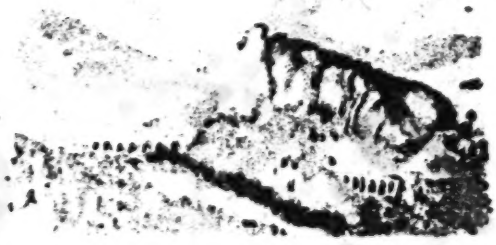
The Legend of Habergeas.

Wiener Neustadt.

● 361 ornate copper washbasins bearing testimony to the illustrious guests who have stayed here. Placid and secure behind its walls lies the first courtyard; from the walls one has a clear view of the surrounding countryside in all directions.

THE CHIEF CITY OF LOWER AUSTRIA—not under the law of today, but historically, is Vienna. The Province supplies this great mill of life with thousands of sons and daughters every year. There they become workmen, tradesmen, professors and priests. Many of their children and children's children fulfil noble tasks, becoming famous doctors, explorers, artists, technicians and statesmen. Their creative genius reflects honour back to their native valleys and farmlands, to humble homes, workshops, schools and churches.



Semmering.

factories, brick kilns, lignite works. There are factories which turn out linen, hemp and jute, blankets and felt, pencils, artists' chalks, asbestos, jade, sugar and methylated spirit. There are canneries for fruit and vegetables, and workshops producing stucco supports from the reeds of the Neusiedler Lake.

BURGENLAND—THE GARDEN OF VIENNA.

Fruit, vegetables, grapes, the first early cherries, fresh lettuce, cauliflower, asparagus, strawberries, apricots, tender french beans—the first, long awaited harvest, doubly welcome after the winter, rolls in the spring towards the Vienna markets in a chain of high-piled lorries.

OGGAUER WINE.

In Oggau there is a Roman cemetery which dates back to the third or fourth century A. D., in the graves of which clay vessels have been found. Archaeologists say that these vessels contained the wine given to the dead to take with them on their journey to the other world. This calls for reflection. In those days every mortal expected that he would be served with nectar and ambrosia at the table of the gods. But the inhabitants of Oggau preferred to take with them their choicest wines rather than have to be dependent on the drinks of the gods.

Gustinus Ambrosi, the deaf sculptor, says of his Burgenland:

"How fortunate that I have travelled through the whole of Europe and have been able to drink in the splendour and magnificence of its many countries, with their thousand types of scenery, peculiarities and variations. Certainly it is nice to stay at home, but I felt the urge to get away and would have gone to the ends of the earth, disappear. In former times it seems to have behaved even worse, for old documents mention it sometimes as a lake, once as a swamp, once as a river, then as a stream, while others appear not to have known of its existence.

The country lying between Eisenstadt and Ödenburg, Mattersburg and Rust, is the real heart of the Province. The lake parishes of Oggau and Mörbisch and the small "free town" of Rust are far-famed for their wine. On the gabled roofs and the chimney-pots stand pensive storks, in the vaulted cellars lie the massive wine barrels. As far back as the year 1364 the inhabitants received royal permission to mark them with the coat-of-arms of Rust—a trade-mark protected by law nearly 600 years ago!

Leaving the delights of Oggauer and Ruster wines, let us turn to Eisenstadt, the city of Josef Haydn.

One does not need to be especially sensitive to atmosphere to feel the genius of the great master in this little town which is so closely united with the surrounding countryside. The tiny house where he lived is still standing. How

Esterházy Castle, Eisenstadt.

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even to exotic climes, in order to learn.

If I add up, I find I have spent nearly half my life so far in eight European countries. And yet of all the impressions, of all the wonderful scenery which I shall never forget, which was the most wonderful? I found it in my little home province of Burgenland, which hardly knows of the existence of the great world outside . . ."

Softly rolling slopes, hedges, distant hills are blended in a mystic harmony. A wonderful green, almost silver grey tint reflects in still majesty the glowing rays of the sun. The landscape is a series of undulating waves in which the farmers tend their fields. In the distance lie the white rows of village houses. In some of the fields the red poppy grows so thickly in spring that the deep red patches spread over the countryside as if God had underlined in this red ink, the poppies waving in the wind, that this is a happy countryside.

At Güttenbach, in the district of Güssing, a buried relic of the Celts was found—a hoard of silver coins which aroused the enthusiasm of numismatists until one day some cold-blooded investigator established that they were only copper coins with a thin silver-plating. Let us should think too badly of this Celtic official counterfeiting, let us remember that at the same epoch, in distant Asia, the forging of banknotes had long been a flourishing industry.

BURGENLAND—STORK LAND.

If a girl is born, violets are put into the oven so that the child may not get freckles. The first actions of every newborn babe are of the utmost importance. If he stretches out his hand towards money, he will become a thief, if he tries to grasp a whip, he will make a good farmer.

small a space its walls enclose, and how far has the spirit of the human being who lived within them shone out across land and sea and across the changes of time. In Haydn's day the mail-coach still rumbled heavily over bumpy streets, but the simple Burgenländer Haydn, who made his first journey abroad only in old age, could say with quiet pride: "My language is understood everywhere!"

Haydn's home has been turned into a museum. Yellowed leaves with jottings from his hand are precious reminders of the creator of unfading beauty. Haydn is not alone in this tiny room. He shares it with Liszt, Burgenland's other great son, and with the daughter of his music copyist, the dancer Fanny Elssler—a glittering three-pointed star in the heavens of music.

Near by stands the palace of the Esterházys, strange, arrogant, yet impressive, built on the foundations of a mediaeval castle and renewed in baroque style by Italian architects at the end of the 17th century. The plain façade has inharmonious ornaments in the shape of terra cotta busts which are clumsy representations of former Esterházys and of Hungarian monarchs. But the garden front, in classic style with a view across a fine natural park on the slopes of the Leithagebirge, is impressive. From the terrace in front there is a no less wonderful view of the almost Tuscan landscape, framed by the Rosaliengebirge and the Ödenburger Mountains.

Although Eisenstadt is still so small a place, its new dignity as capital of the Province (since 1924) has meant a considerable increase in the number of modern

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Eisenstadt, Synagogue Death-Glass.

buildings—the Council Hall, attractive official buildings, the homes of civil servants and villas. Side by side stands the history of old Eisenstadt written in stone—the old royal free town, the Esterházy residence, the Jewish Ghetto in Unterberg and the more recent settlement of Oberberg. The Wolff Collection in the Provincial Museum has some unique monuments of Jewish culture. The Calvary Mount in the Bergkirche gives a glimpse of another world, with its painted, strikingly realistic wooden figures in curious grottos. A first inspection of Eisenstadt may well be rounded off by a visit to the wonder-working picture of the Virgin and to the tomb of Haydn in the Bergkirche.

Other attractions await us. Above Mattersburg appear the slopes of the Rosaliengebirge, covered with the luscious purple of flowering sage. One could wish that here spring might last for ever for us to admire the sea of blossom, cherry tree after cherry tree intermingled with peach and apricot, and the yellow-white blossoms of the plum, with their tangle of intertwined black twigs; great beds of strawberries flourish in the rich and fertile soil.

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Far above the little village of Forchtenstein stands a well-preserved castle of the same name. It was once the seat of the Counts of Mattersdorf, whose forebears, Simon and Bertram, came from Spain in the year 1200 with their sister Tota, of whose beauty it was said that it had no equal throughout the world. A poet might well harbour the fancy that her beauty lives on in the spring splendour of the flowering hedges on the Rosaliengebirge. The student of history may remember that in the year 1374 the Counts of Mattersdorf and Forchtenstein placed this part of the Province under the jurisdiction of the Duke of Austria. Their escutcheon, combined with that of the Güssingers, forms today the coat-of-arms of Burgenland.

Forchtenstein.

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The early Stone Age has left evidence of human progress in the Wulka Plain. The Bronze Age which succeeded it was marked by a consi-

776 there in the days of Charlemagne. In 1926 St. Martin was made the patron saint of the Burgenland. But the fact that every self-respecting Burgenländer insists on eating roast goose on St. Martin's day is not necessarily due to his piety. Since the days of the Carolingians, a number of places in the Burgenland have been connected with St. Martin either by their names or by the dedication of a church. The most southerly is St.-Martin-on-the-Raab.

Schlaining.

792 From St. Martin it is not far to St. Gotthard. This monastery, just across the frontier, was founded by French Cistercians in 1184. It is a curious coincidence that in the Battle of St. Gotthard in 1664, where the Turks were defeated in open conflict for the first time, French troops played a decisive part. The battlefield lies within the Burgenland parish of Mogersdorf. The name of the neighbouring village, Maria-Bild-bei-Weichselbaum, recalls the legend that a wonder-working picture of the Virgin was brought from a forest shrine to the village church, but transferred itself back to its original site, where a church was then built.

778

Kittsee.

133 Even in the days of the Carolingians the rivers of Lafnitz and Pinka contributed to the establishment of settlers in the Burgenland. The Lafnitz today forms a natural boundary with Styria. If you follow the line of the Pinka northwards you will find that it crosses the frontier of Austria seven times.

[361] The same typically Burgenland villages are to be found on either side, inhabited by a mixed Croat and German population. The river fortress of Eberau in this district is perhaps the least known castle in Austria.

Landsee.

In its upper reaches the Pinka like the other Burgenland rivers—the Raab, Lafnitz, Güns, Rabnitz, Eicha and Leitha—unites the Burgenland with the Styrian-Lower-

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First let us visit the basket weavers

Basket-Weaver.

of the beautiful Rabnitz Valley and the potters of Stoob where the ancient craft of pottery is still carried on by hand. Then let us cross to Raiding. Here the small house is still standing where a great man in the world of music first saw the light of day—Franz Liszt. He was triumphant the world over, from Russia to France and England. Everywhere the smiles of lovely women welcomed him but more and more he was affected by that melancholy which is reflected in the verses of Lenau. The latter had connections with the Burgenland through his mother; his lyrics won as many friends for the land of the *Puszta* as did the Hungarian rhapsodies of Liszt.

131 Past Ritzing, where the surface belongs to the Burgenland but the coal below it to Hungary, because the tunnels of Brennberg, near Ödenburg, burrow below the frontier, our way leads us to Sieggraben. This is the home of the Semmelweis family, whose most famous son brought salvation from the scourge of puerperal fever to the child-bearing mothers of all times. From here the road climbs to the summit of the Rosaliengebirge, where a view opens towards the east across the Wulka Plain, taking in Ödenburg and the Neusiedler Lake and westwards, the Bucklige Welt, Wiener Neustadt and the Leitha.

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Village Drummer.

On the Leitha also lies the battlefield of 1246. Friedrich the Quarrelsome, last of the Babenbergs, made the territory which had formerly belonged to the Mark of the Carolingians the subject of his first demands.

The Burgenland was long contested. Not for nothing do the many churches in its pleasant villages stand on commanding heights, surrounded by walls which give them the appearance of fortresses, and not for nothing were the many castles and fortified towers set up.

The days of the Turkish invasions brought poverty and desolation to the land, but at the same time a new population which was fleeing from the Turks and found a new home in the Burgenland—the Croats. From Kroboteck in the district of Jennersdorf through Stinatz, Punkitz, Podgoria and Kroatisch-Minihof there

Village Street.

[103] are many village names of Croat origin. These Croats not only repopulated the devastated areas but also cleared the forests to build new settlements. The "Displaced Persons" of the Turkish Wars have become an indispensable part of the Burgenland population.

They are called "Wasserkroaten". It is uncertain as whether this refers to their having come from the coasts of Dalmatia, or whether "Wosser Kroaten" points to their having come from the province of Wossen, i. e. Bosnia.

The soil of the Burgenland is not capable of feeding all its children, so that thousands of its inhabitants become bricklayers who work for the whole week in other parts of Austria during the season, to return on Saturdays to their native villages. Their busy hands have helped to create the splendid buildings on the Ringstrasse. In the plaster and stucco decorations of these are concealed the reeds of the Neusiedler Lake. The Votivkirche, in Vienna, is built of stone from the quarries of St. Margarethen, between Eisenstadt and the lake. The Italians who were summoned to the Leithagebirge in 1550 as stone masons had barely become Burgenlanders when they were commissioned to work on the imperial "Neugebäude" in Ebersdorf. Thus there is a close connection between Kaiser-Ebersdorf in Vienna and the Burgenland parish of Kaiser-steinbruch in the Leithagebirge.

Without designing it, we are back at our starting-point. Kittsee has still to be mentioned, lying in the extreme north opposite Pressburg, where Josef Joachim, the famous violinist, was born, and Zurndorf, the native town of the Vienna Capucine preacher, writer of Hungarian history and Protestant bishop of Saratow in Russia, Ignaz Aurel Fessler. Nickelsdorf looks over the frontier towards the Nibelungen town of Wieselburg, where Josef Kainz (famous actor of the Vienna Burgtheater) first saw the light of day.

There are castles and churches where the art of the Burgenland is represented by the paintings of Dorfmeister, Maulpertsch, Altomonte-Hoherberg, Köpp von Felsenthal and Storno, an art which lives on today in the work of the famous modern sculptor Gustinus Ambrosi.

Let us glance again over the wide and sunlit countryside to Eisenstadt, where the festivals in the historic Haydn Hall have revived the music traditions of the Burgenland, to the villages where one hears the tamburizza orchestra, and the airs of old folk songs from which Haydn took the undying melody of his hymn. Once again let us glance at the people, the farm labourers at Friedrichshof or Edmundshof, the workers in the chalk and jute factories, the reed-cutters by the lake and the vine-dressers with their aprons stained green by copper sulphate, the farmers and the labourers, as far as the smallholders in the extreme south who industriously till their four *joch* of ground, keeping records of the weather as their fathers did before them. Don't be surprised if one of them appears round a bend in the forest path, nods approvingly at the fleecy evening clouds and pats you on the shoulder to say—"That's the weather we need here. But you—come back again soon to our Burgenland."

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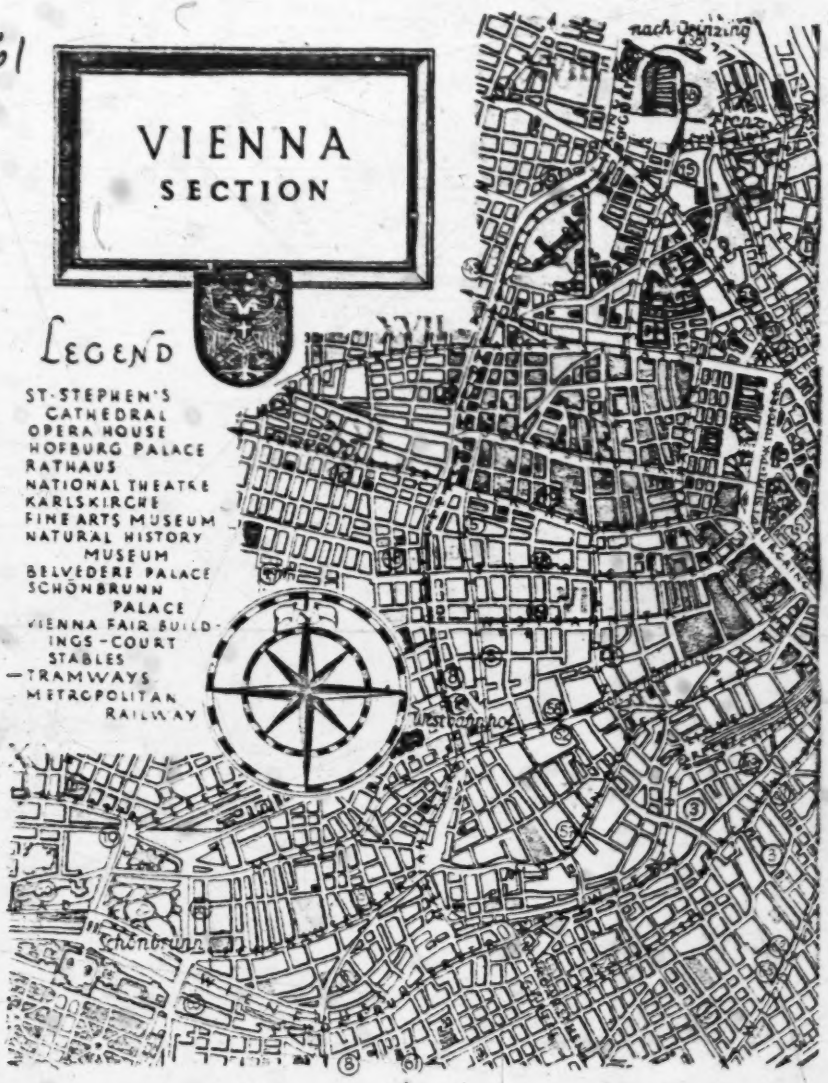
VIENNA
SECTION



LEGEND

ST-STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL
OPERA HOUSE
HOFBURG PALACE
RATHAUS
NATIONAL THEATRE
KARLSKIRCHE
FINE ARTS MUSEUM
NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM
BELVEDERE PALACE
SCHÖNBRUNN PALACE
VIENNA FAIR BUILDINGS - COURT STABLES
— TRAMWAYS
METROPOLITAN RAILWAY

[-356-]

361

DONAU
PRATER
Nordwestbahnhof
Nordbahnhof
Südbahnhof
Ostbahnhof
Stadion
1 km

[-357-]

Vienna is a third alternative. It is the adoptive home of musicians and men of intellect. It is a hospitable centre of pleasure and luxury where difficult and pointless journeys come to an end and sojourning in this world becomes wonderful everyday life.

Vienna is the expression of life itself. Life with all its terrors and its great moments. Not only the expression of the will to live and not merely the imperative of Kant or a "You may, You shall, You must". No, everything and everyone lives in Vienna and is loved—the hunchback, the deaf, Falstaff and Don Quixote. Everyone in Vienna is equally important, the great as well as the little stars drift at night on the same road towards eternity.

Vienna is a place of recuperation from all ills, even if it is not listed as such. In its air and its atmosphere one finds the right standard by which to judge the problems of life, which exist before the eye of the new-born child has focussed on the surrounding world, and are still there when that eye closes for ever. To inherit this earth and yet not fall a prey to Mammon, to possess it and yet to remain penniless, to conjure up a vision of Heaven without becoming a Utopian, to blend these things properly together and to fill the hours of one's life with them—in short, to possess the art of living humanely as a human being—all this is essential Vienna.

Why otherwise should there be such contradicting opinions about Vienna and the Viennese? Every such opinion is similar to the picture reflected in a badly-made mirror—it is hopelessly distorted.

Come, therefore, and see for yourselves what Vienna is—even now and despite everything. Vienna, born of the surrounding countryside, is, as you will soon recognise, still a part of it. The rolling lines of the forested mountains in the West, from which in summer a cool breeze blows even in to the narrowest streets, reach far out towards the city. One constantly catches glimpses of nature in the distance, of the sunny plain of the Marchfeld, or of the broadening valley of Vienna's river known in song as the Blue Danube.

This city whose suburbs stretch from the vineyard-covered heights of the Kahlenberg and the Bisamberg to the richly-wooded Danube meadows is truly at one with the smiling landscape and benevolent Mother Nature. Its streets and squares were not laid out according to geometrical plans, but grew up naturally, as men felt the need to build them; the very routes of the tramcars which take one so quickly from the heart of the city to the verdant world of forest and meadows follow the course of various streams and brooks which have long disappeared under the cobblestones and asphalt.

The landscape around Vienna retains its historic outlines. Roman hands planted the sunny slopes with the precious vines. Later on, Christian monasteries spread the blessings of education. Crusaders rode through the Danube Valley, watering their horses in the Nibelung river. The plain of Marchfeld became the scene of bloody conflicts between powerful lords who sought to dominate the capital. At

life which exists for its own ends, for you, for me, and for everyone.

ON FOOT THROUGH THE INNER CITY.

Come now straight to the heart of the city, but forget for a time your occupation and the time of day. There are towns which may be hurried through hastily. Others—and Vienna is one of these—need to be enjoyed in leisurely fashion.

The difficulty of understanding Vienna lies in the contrasts and parallels with which one is everywhere confronted, the baroque fusion of concrete objects and abstract ideas. The pulsing heart of the city, its centre in every sense of the word, is the Stephansdom. Six modern streets busy and bustling, converge there to pour their teeming crowds and traffic into the Cathedral Square. There is nothing visible to recall the fact that this square was a cemetery until the time of the Emperor Joseph.

Viennese Girl, 1898.

Viennese Girl, 1899.

Let us approach it from the Graben. The kaleidoscope of moving traffic keeps the picture of street life constantly changing. Above a tall house stands a globe as an advertisement for sewing-machines. A few steps further and we face the Cathedral, standing aloof from the workaday world which surrounds it. Before this grey, noble pile, everything round about seems to dissolve into unreality. Never can this picture be forgotten, the tower, at once massive and delicate, its slender height leading up to the window of the fire-watchers, up and up to the blossoming of the spire and to its topmost pinnacle above which there is only the majestic peace of the Vienna skies.

This cathedral in the midst of a bustling world of shops radiates a solemn calm, a hallowed spot amidst competing vanities and material interests. Like some worldspirit rising clear of the life

the Städtische Versicherungsanstalt in order to make cheap and reliable insurance available for the masses.

Vienna's rapid development into a great city which culminated during Lueger's term of office as Burgomaster, forced the municipality to undertake new responsibilities. Lueger recognised the needs of the situation and proved himself competent to satisfy them along modern lines.

If one reviews the extent of his activities as Burgomaster, one has to admire Lueger's administrative genius even more than the oratorical gifts of this man of the people. Within a few years he created the extensive organisations of the Municipal Gas and Electricity Works and established a network of tramways. Gradually schools arose. He met the needs of the city for drinking water by building a second pipe-line system to the springs in the mountains. For the living he built the Krankenhaus der Stadt Wien (the Vienna City Hospital) in Lainz, the Städtische Altersheim (Municipal House for the Aged) and the Heil- und Pflegeanstalt Am Steinhof (Lunatic Asylum). For the dead he established the great garden area of the Zentralfriedhof (Central Cemetery).

The building of the municipal warehouses, the taking over of a brewery as city property and the establishment of the central cattle market in St. Marx enabled the Burgomaster to influence trading developments and to institute a measure of price control.

Lueger's greatest gift to Vienna was the creation and dedication to the city of the belt of forests and meadows, which brought us health together with the beauties of nature.

The progress which marked the year 1900 and subsequent years bears the stamps of Lueger's own personality. The necessary measures were born of his own initiative, and had often to be carried through by his personal

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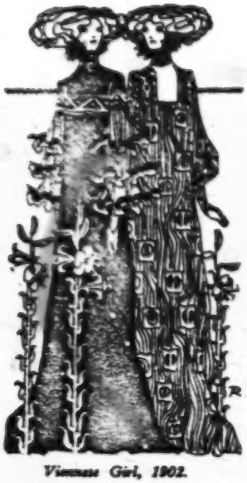
Jesuit Church at Am Hof.

bewildering city lies in the past, rooted in the baroque period, yet holds fast with lively enjoyment to all the beauties of this warm earth.

The centre of Vienna as the "Kaiserstadt" is the Burg. There is an Old and a New Burg, the older part dating from the Babenberg days of the 13th century. Behind a short and deep ditch, once a moat, stands the gateway to the Schweizerhof. Its massive rustic blocks call to mind the magnificent porches of Lombardy. The strong pulleys over which ran the chains of the drawbridge are still plainly recognisable.

The courtyards and wings are extensive. Towards the Michaelerplatz the complex of buildings ends in the "White Tower". In the



Viennese Girl, 1902.

insistence in the face of general opposition. Thus the great Burgomaster prepared the way for the idea of collective provision for general economic through the municipality. He may be said to have built the bridge which led to the fulfilment of the demand of the mass of citizens for collectivism in a communal-political sense. Ten years after his death this work was continued by new methods in other directions, and once again became an example to the whole world.

WITH BAEDEKER IN HAND.

No matter how easily Vienna reveals itself to you and throws itself open to you, you will not get to know it without an effort. On the contrary, you must take your Baedeker and scan it conscientiously as though you were back

semicircle of the front façade are two monumental groups of statuary symbolising the "Sea Power" and "Land Power" of the former Austria.

The sombre façades of various centuries unite in calm dignity to form the impressive square of the Inner Burgplatz. Here the ceremonious changing of the Castle Guard took place. Here the privileged Dampierre Dragoons were allowed to parade before their Highest War-Lord with martial music, and to set up their recruiting table.

In the Schweizerhof steps lead up to the Castle Chapel where the Wiener Sängerknaben sing Mass, Sunday for Sunday. Adjoining it is the entrance to the Religious and the Secular Treasuries. Once inside the enormous building of the Hofburg one can walk through wing after wing. There are the rooms where Emperor Francis Joseph once lived and laboured; next to these are the apartments of the beautiful Empress Elisabeth, followed by sumptuous gala halls which lead to the vast wing of the New Burg. How lucky that the plans of many an edifice in Vienna have been only half executed. The view of the Heldenplatz detracts attention from the explanations of the most experienced guide. Original in its unfinished symmetry, it is a square, panorama and a landscape scene at the same time. It forms a square with the two museums, the Royal Stables and the three monuments which decorate it. It becomes a panorama as we see how it connects with the Ballhausplatz, the Burgtheater, Parliament and the Ringstrasse. It is landscape by virtue of the park and adjacent buildings which carry the view on to the Rathaus, the Votivkirche and the hills of the Wienerwald which seem so close. The medley of people strolling backwards and forwards on the paths of the Volksgarten suggests a painting by Brueghel. But in the month of

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●361 *Viennese Girls, 1914.*

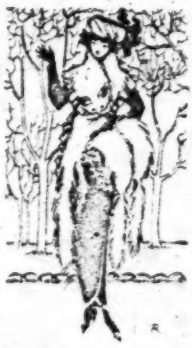
Opposite, on the façade facing the Inner City, still within the extensive grounds of the Burg, lies the solemn and dignified Josefsplatz. No successor to Max Reinhardt has arisen who could transplant this impressive scenery on to a stage—the classic façades of the National Library, the Royal Riding School and the enchanting proscenium of the Pallavicini Palace. Behind high windows is the famous domed hall of Fischer von Erlach, a dream in marble, gold and sunlight, which is considered the most magnificent library of the world. The streets leading from it narrow suddenly, as if unwilling to let one leave the square.

And now let us wander through the Inner City without any special goal, to the hidden beauties which are so easily discovered. There stand mysterious courtyards with covered stairways, cage-like balconies, noble weather-beaten porches dreaming of baroque fantasies beneath spider's web little old houses and shops of the dealers in antiques—a garland of beauty hidden in the heart of an active, bustling and teeming metropolis, a fascinating juxtaposition of yesterday and today.

211 The Plague Column on the Graben was erected by the Emperor Leopold to commemorate the end of the epidemic in 1679. This stone allegory, this bold mixture of realistic and religious ideas, the work of Fischer von Erlach as well as other sculptors, has been compared to a splendid opera.

346 Only a few steps behind it, cut off from the
532 lively Graben by a modest little square, is the venerable Peterskirche, full of colour and rich decorations. Rottmayr's frescoes in the interior radiate a golden brilliance which makes an almost

366 carnal appeal to the senses. A little further, on the Tuchlauben, the clothmakers used to offer their wares in old Vienna, and one-and-a-half centuries earlier the Roman military lines stood here. Every walk through Vienna can be made a game of question and answer with time and history.



Viennese Girl, 1913.

Am Hof : Armoury.

VIENNA VISITING CARDS.

361 On the other side of the Ringstrasse we must abandon all attempt to proceed systematically. Vienna consists of 26 Districts, and although the First is far more important than any other, there is still so much to be seen that even quartering the ground would lead us nowhere. All that remains is to select a few places at random.

Where the Kärntnerstrasse joins the Ringstrasse, or moving along the Ring from the Wollzeile, the eye is caught by a majestic, green patina dome rising harmoniously against the sky.

346 THE KARLSKIRCHE. This is Fischer von Erlach's masterpiece, a marvel of conception and construction whose charm and gaiety of spirit enshrines the soul of Vienna. A startling blend of fundamental baroque with recollections of antiquity and rich ornamentations combine in a magnificent monument. It is a happy task for that reflective visitor to try to interpret for himself its manifold symbolism.

The two gigantic pillars, copied from the Trajan Column in Rome, were intended to represent the Pillars of Hercules in Spain, for the possession of which Karl VI, who commissioned the construction of the church, fought without success in the Wars of the Spanish Succession. The reliefs portraying scenes from the

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The Praterstrasse with the Carltheater.

extensive library the art-lover is fascinated by the beautiful illuminated manuscripts and the family tree of the Babenberg rulers. The treasury contains the Austrian Ducal Coronet and rare goldbeaters' work of the Middle Ages.

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The city itself climbs up to the heights of the Hermannskogel and the Kahlenberg, extending as far as Klosterneuburg, Mödling, Schwechat and even beyond the Lobau district. But it is hoped that this virgin zone of woods and fields will prevent the disappearance of many cherished villages, prevent the picturesque biedermeier gardens being swallowed up by tenement houses and ensure that the wonderful boating and bathing centre which Vienna possesses on the Old Danube does not lose even a foot of ground to industry and factories.

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The historic little country parishes of Nussdorf and Heiligenstadt, Sievering, Grinzing and Liebhartstal, of Hietzing, Mauer and Perchtoldsdorf have grown together in a semi-rural region where nature, modern villas and ancient structures blend pleasingly. The "Heurige" wine-gardens of Kahlenberg, Neustift-am-Wald, Rodaun and Maria Enzersdorf hold within their little flowered courtyards that true Viennese "Gemütlichkeit" (easy-going cordiality) which loves life and the fleeting moment for its own sake. You clink glasses with your neighbour, drinking, in the joy of your heart, to the health of the stranger beside you, who himself feels the same about you. Many an

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On the Kahlenberg.

old vineyard tavern which is listed for protection under the Ancient Monuments Act evokes lively pictures of biedermeier days, when the suburbs were holiday resorts and Schubert, the eternally young, wandered the countryside with his friends. Bauernfeld, Beethoven and Grillparzer sought rest and relaxation here among the green fields. Here Waldmüller proved the power of his brush and Ferdinand von Saar, the poet of solitude, wrote his rapturous elegies on Vienna, the city of his dreams.

From the higher parts of the suburb of Döbling one can recognise the peaks of the Lower Carpathians, the Schneeberg and the Ötscher. To realise the whole charm of the surroundings of Vienna, you must see it from the heights of the Kahlenberg. There you will understand how the city has really grown into its natural framework and how its Cathedral and many towers, the river, the mountains, the plain and broad horizons have come to form parts of a single whole. This is a picture which never fades from the memories of those who have once seen it.

If one then approaches Vienna from the north, from the direction of Prague or Brünn, the whole city seems to have been swallowed up by the mountains. Then the Wienerwald looks like a great, green and shady creek past which the silver Danube flows, broad and lazy, downstream. Mountains rise up one behind the other, followed closely by the alps in ever-higher ranges.

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As the journey to Vienna usually ends in the afternoon or early evening when the sun is over the alps in the south or west, one feels in the magic of these sub-alpine woods, an irresistible temptation to hasten on to the valleys of the Wienerwald, to rest and linger there in a spot so favoured by nature.

Coming from Budapest or Pressburg (Bratislava), the picture is again different. There the wide river, the broad plain fill eye, ear and senses with their unchanging rhythm. Something of the Puszta melancholy still lingers; when such feelings translate themselves into music they find their expression in Schubert's "Der Tod und das Mädchen", or Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata".

From the south one enters by the gates of gaiety. To pass by the swimming pools off the high road, to cross the vineyards or walk alongside them, Pfaffstätten and Gumpoldskirchen not far off, to recognise the lime-tree before the doors of the Höldrichs Mill, to catch sight of the cheerful black pines behind the Türkenturm of Petersdorf on the Parapluiberg, to see the bold profile of the Kahlenberg ahead and finally to look for the silver-grey needle of the tower of St. Stephen's—all this induces a mood of light-hearted gaiety. It is a part of the "G'schichten aus dem Wienerwald" ("Tales of the Vienna Forest"), or a bar of the Blue Danube Waltz.

Beethoven's House.

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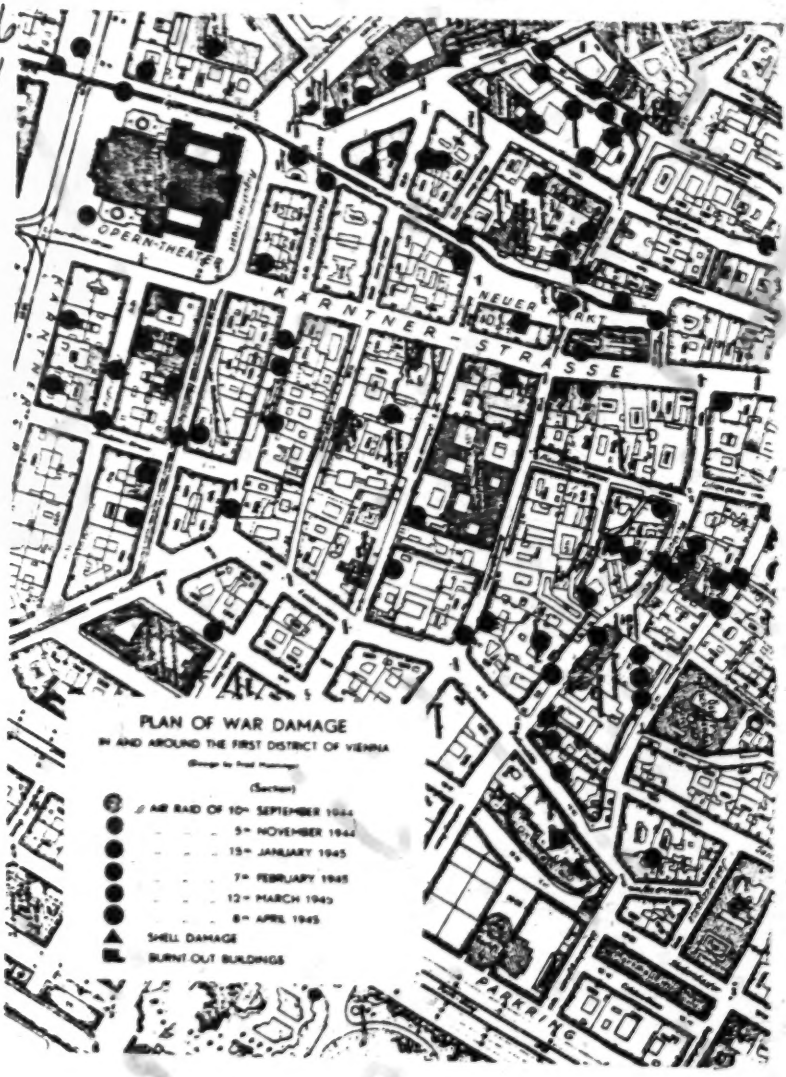
OPERN-THEATER
KÄRNTNER-STRASSE
NEUER MARKT
PLAN OF WAR DAMAGE
IN AND AROUND THE FIRST DISTRICT OF VIENNA
AIR RAID OF 10th SEPTEMBER 1944
5th NOVEMBER 1944
15th JANUARY 1945
7th FEBRUARY 1945
12th MARCH 1945
8th APRIL 1945
SHELL DAMAGE
BURNT OUT BUILDINGS
PARKRING

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[-539-]

439 tariffs had increased to 296 per cent of the 1913 level in Bulgaria, to 144 per cent in Yugoslavia, to 140 per cent in Roumania, and to 137 per cent in Czechoslovakia, the Austrian tariffs had actually fallen to 77 per cent of their pre-war level, a fall which, in continental Europe, was surpassed only in Sweden. But it was obvious that this policy could not be permanently maintained in face of high tariffs elsewhere. After the Geneva Conference in 1927 had failed to achieve tangible results with regard to the reduction of trade barriers, Austria too turned towards protectionism to reduce her dependence on a highly unstable world trade. The world preferred to learn the hard way.

• 361 631 What of the position of Vienna? When the new Austria, with its 6½ million people, had to take over the economic and administrative centre of a 50-million empire, containing almost 30 per cent of the population of the new Republic, many people thought that this "huge head far too big for a small body" would prove an insoluble economic problem. Actually it soon turned out that the general process of readjustment, described above, also helped to solve this problem. First, it should be noted that while the percentage of the population living in the *capital* was unusually high, the percentage of the *urban* population was quite normal for an industrial country. It was smaller than, for instance, in Great Britain or Switzerland. The establishment of new commercial and government centres did, it is true, hit Vienna badly. The [464] reduction in the number of civil servants, banking and commercial employees and the unemployment among lawyers, solicitors, etc., created a burden which was mainly concentrated on the capital.

366 368 But apart from this particular problem which was slowly—all too slowly—mended, it soon became clear that

1 [CA CATEGORY 116, p. 50 --ANALYST]